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TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.

B. P. HUTCHINSON ("OLD HUTCH"), THE GREAT CHICAGO GRAIN OPERATOR.
DRAWN BY ARTHUR J. GOODMAN AFTER A SKETCH FROM LIFE.—[SEE PAGE 367.]

NEARLY READY.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES. A Tale of the Time of Scanderbeg and the Fall of Constantinople. By JAMES M. LUDLOW. pp. iv, 404. 16mo, Cloth, $1 50. (*New Edition.*)

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This book is a masterpiece. . . .It will run a good race with "Ben-Hur."—THE LATE REV. DANIEL CURRY, D.D.

A straightforward romance, written almost in the great manner of Scott. As a story, it is absorbingly interesting from first page to last. . . .It is full of the warm-blooded, healthful life of the age of deeds—a quality which cannot be too highly prized in any age of words.—*Dial*, Chicago.

YOUMA. The Story of a West-Indian Slave. By LAFCADIO HEARN. pp. vi, 193. Illustration by HOWARD PYLE. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

There are wonderful descriptive passages, with all those weird touches characteristic of the author, who says things as no one else is able to say them, and the studies of human life are no less skilful. Where all is so good it is impossible to point out that which is best, whether it be that vivid, dramatic scene where Youma stands with her heel upon the serpent's neck, or the charming prattle between the *da* and her nursling concerning those marvellous stories of "Dame Kélément," of the proud girl who married a goblin, and of the Zombi bird whose feathers were colored "with the colors of other days." But there is a certain monotony in commenting upon Mr. Hearn's writings. One finds nothing to utter but words of praise.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

OTHER WORKS BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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NEWSPAPER LEADERSHIP.

MR. CLARKSON, the Assistant Postmaster-General, said in his late speech at Pittsburgh that in our political contests the intellectual discussions of the press are superseding the mere spectacular demonstrations of red lights and rockets and processions, and that the campaign of 1892 will be largely a newspaper campaign, which has already begun. He proceeded to speak of "the marvellous manner" in which the Democratic party has been strengthening its lines in the newspapers and the magazines:

"In the large cities of the East they have captured nearly all the magazines and illustrated papers. All the mercenaries of the press and literature have been lured into their service. The re-enforced Democratic press is a startling thing for the Republican party to face, and it must face it with courage and wisdom. In New York city 1,400,000 copies of daily newspapers are printed daily. Less than 200,000 of them are Republican. This means that two-fifths of the Republicans of New York city and environments are reading Democratic papers, taking the Democratic version of things, and the young people of the households being educated unconsciously against the party of their father. I would not abridge the latitude of discussion or reading, but it is important that young people should at least read their own side as well as the other. In Boston the papers of greatest circulation are also Democratic. New England has largely gone from the faith of the days of the war in its newspapers. The same is true of nearly every large city in the country.

"Democracy has also pressed its conquests to the agricultural press, and in the last three or four years many of the farmers' papers in the West have become advocates of free-trade. It was largely through this line and that of the Farmers' Alliances that the Democrats first based their claim that the Northwest was for free-trade and changing to the Democratic party. Even as good an organization as that of the farmers was utilized, and Farmers' Alliances established systematically, with all the Democrats and all the weak-kneed Republicans in the neighborhood gathered into its folds. Then they were supplied with free-trade literature secretly and constantly. Such a propaganda has never been known in America as that of the Democrats in their hunt in secret, and through a changing press, in behalf of free-trade in the West to-day; and I submit to you as Republicans that it is time for our party to take notice of what the opposition party is doing by increasing and strengthening its press."

This is a striking and suggestive statement, and in substance it is undoubtedly true. But Mr. CLARKSON is not quite accurate in calling the change Democratic in a partisan sense. It is not that, and the fact that it is not is as important as any that Mr. CLARKSON mentions. The significant phenomenon is not the increase of the Democratic press, but the rise of the independent press. Thus in New England the three powerful papers of the day are the Boston *Herald*, the Providence *Journal*, and the Springfield *Republican*. They are all representative of the tendencies of New England sentiment since the war, and their influence is commensurate with their ability. But they are not Democratic papers. They do not advocate tariff reform and ballot reform and civil service reform because those measures are Democratic measures, or because the papers themselves are Democratic partisans. They advocate them solely upon their merits, and they are as willing to credit the progress of those reforms to one party as to another. Moreover, they criticise the acts of parties and the conduct of politicians without regard to party names or to any party preferences of their own. Not one of them will be governed in its support of a Presidential candidate in 1892 by the mere fact that he is nominated by the Democrats or by the Republicans. They will support the candidate of their choice solely because his success will seem to them to be the surest guarantee of the adoption of the policy which they approve. But in that decision personal character and various probabilities would be essential elements, and they would say with Mr. CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, "I shall always vote against a party professing my views as to the tariff if I believe that in so doing I shall, on the whole, promote the cause of honest government and pure politics."

All this, which is both undeniable and in character and extent unprecedented in our politics, suggests something which Mr. CLARKSON did not mention, and which probably he has not considered. The position and prosperity of these three representative papers in New England, each in a different community, implies a corresponding public sentiment which supports them. It means an immense independent public opinion in accord with them, and as the regular party majorities in the neighborhood of these papers are small, it means a balance of power. This is the happiest sign of the times, because it is a balance held in exceedingly intelligent and honest hands, and the necessary consequence is moderation in party action. Party organs and orators are very fond of insisting upon the necessity of parties, and are very profuse of sneers at jayhawkers and skirmishers between the lines. But every sensible man must feel that it would be much worse for the country if New England were all divided strictly into two parties, with no check upon the excesses of either. As long as identification with a party means support of every measure or candidate approved by a party caucus or convention, the host of independent citizens who will decline to bear a party name will constantly multiply. The favorite shibboleth of strong partisans, "Reform within the party," is unmeaning, because reform is possible only by opposing to the last the thing to be reformed. Effectual reform lies in defeat of the measure that ought not to be adopted and of the candidate who ought not to be elected. This is the spirit of independence in politics which Mr. CLARKSON sees to be rapidly extending, and which, because it is often arrayed against the excesses of the Republican party, he supposes to be a new birth of the Democratic party.

A FIELD-DAY.

CIVIL service reform is greatly indebted to Mr. CUMMINGS, of New York, and Mr. HOUCK, of Tennessee, for bringing the House of Representatives to book upon the question. The result was, on one side, a defense of the spoils system, which was equally remarkable for the amusing and threadbare feebleness of the argument and the absence of leading men from the group of advocates; and, on the other, for the surprisingly unreserved and positive adhesion to reform of the real leaders of the House, and a vote in favor of the appropriation of 120 to 61. If, as Speaker REED said at Pittsburgh, politicians are only eleventh-hour men, who vote as they are admonished by public opinion, and, as is constantly alleged by the spoilsmen in Congress, if members voted as they wished they would repeal the law, the orators and the vote in the House are conclusive of the belief of members in the general approval of reform.

When Mr. JENCKES, a Rhode Island Republican, first began the agitation in the same House twenty years ago, the proposition was too airy and incredible to provoke much serious debate. It was a question wholly new to the country and subversive of the accepted customs and what were held to be the vital conditions of party efficiency. It was evaded and bowed aside, and after some polite deference to General GRANT'S recommendations, he said that if Congress refused the appropriation he should interpret it as a verdict against reform, and Congress took him at his word. Again, in the summer of 1882, there was great Republican sport over the measure in the House. The admonishing thunder of the Congressional elections of that year followed, and, with that sound in its ears, upon its reassembling Congress could hardly wait to pass the reform bill, which became a law on the 16th of January, 1883. The fight of the spoilsmen then began. In every possible way they have sought to discredit, to evade, to stultify, and to repeal the law. They felt especially confident that the favorable moment had now arrived. They wound the bugle call of assault. But after a most sorry array of recruits and display of wooden guns, the Republican leader of the House, supported by other Republican and Democratic chiefs, said

"that if the Republican party was pledged to one single thing more than another, it was the maintenance of the civil service law. Every national platform of the Republican party for the last twelve years had declared for the continuance and enlargement of the merit system. It was not only according to the tenets of the Republican party, but according to its best sentiments. Ay, more; it was sustained by the best sentiment of the whole country, Republicans and Democrats alike; and there was not a man on the floor who did not know that there was not a party in the country, Democratic or Republican, that had the courage to repeal the law. The Republican party must take no backward step. The merit system was here, and here to stay."

Such are the revenges of time. Mr. MCKINLEY'S personal character and his position in his party give the greatest weight to these words. His colleague Mr. BUTTERWORTH; Mr. CUTCHEON, of Michigan; Mr. MOORE, of New Hampshire; Mr. MCCOMAS, of Maryland; Mr. LODGE and Mr. GREENHALGE, of Massachusetts; Mr. HOPKINS and Mr. HITT, of Illinois; Mr. HENDERSON, of Iowa; Mr. LEHLBACH, of New Jersey—all spoke strongly for reform. The result was a ludicrous rout of the spoilsmen. The appropriation was adopted by 120 votes to 61, and although it was not all which the Commission asked, it was an increase of $6000 over the present grant, and an addition of five clerks to the force. That public opinion would have justified the $53,000 asked for we have no doubt, and that the action of the House will be approved is unquestionable. The moral effect of the result will be most salutary. It assures the country that the law will stand, and more definitely than ever it commits the Republican party to the reform as a party measure. The remarks of Mr. MCKINLEY and those who spoke with him were in effect a stern rebuke of the administration, and almost while the Republican leader was saying in Congress that reform was sustained by the best sentiment of the whole country, and that the Republican party was pledged to it, the Republican Assistant Postmaster-General was saying in Pittsburgh that the people did not believe in it, and that it had no American sympathy. Yet if anything may be called truly American it is the fair play for all comers which the spoils system of Mr. CLARKSON absolutely denies, and which the reform secures. Members of Congress may not like it, but they know that the country does like it, and they vote accordingly.

BOODLE.

THE profound interest in the story lately told by MCCANN under oath to the legislative investigating committee in New York was due to the fact that it put into definite and detailed statement the corrupt methods which are believed largely to control our politics. The story, in effect, was that RICHARD CROKER showed MCCANN in 1884 a sum of $180,000 which had been subscribed to buy of the Aldermen HUGH J. GRANT'S confirmation as Commissioner of Public Works, GRANT himself contributing $80,000; and also that, under the form of gifts to CROKER'S daughter, GRANT gave $25,000 to CROKER as a share of the fees of the Sheriff's office, and when the investigation was coming and CROKER left the country, that an effort was made by GRANT to persuade his wife, who knew a great deal of the transactions, to follow him. Mayor GRANT instantly denounced the story as a lie, and Mr. CROKER telegraphed from Europe his denial in similar terms. But instead of demanding immediate investigation by the committee, the Mayor accused it of practical complicity with MCCANN, and asked the Senate for another committee, which is both an insult to the Senate and a sign of fear of cross-examination. Whether true or false, the fact that such evidence was given involving the chief magistrate of this city, and that it was not instantly and indignantly repudiated by the press and public opinion as false and impossible, and that the revelations in regard to the dishonesty of the Sheriff's office when occupied by Mayor GRANT were of a character so startling, is most humiliating.

Even if the testimony of MCCANN shall be discredited and shown to be false in the specific case, there is no doubt that it describes the methods of city politics. There is no question that Aldermen were bought in the Broadway boodle cases, and if anybody supposes that Tammany would hesitate to do what MCCANN charges, he differs from public sentiment in general. Nor is the corruption limited to city politics or Tammany Hall. That there were large corruption funds raised and expended during the last general election is well known, and that there is no more radical and threatening danger to free institutions is also a familiar fact. The situation becomes more menacing when the chairman of the National Committee of the party of administration, which claims especially to be the party of honest politics, is published through the country, with details of evidence, as a man who was pecuniarily dishonest in office, and who is defied to bring a suit for libel in the courts. The matter becomes still more serious when the organs of his party are generally silent or attempt a feeble denial, and party commit-

tees without explanation extol him as blameless. This is a kind of offence of which public opinion in this country is not long tolerant, and if the situation remain as it now is, and the Republican party go into the Congressional elections of the autumn with the charges against Mr. QUAY unexplained, there will be a national reckoning similar to that of 1882.

It is pleasant, in the midst of the public disgrace of the revelations in the city of New York and the QUAY scandals, to remark the courage and plain speech of the independent press, and of such eminent citizens as Mr. HENRY C. LEA, and the swift and steady growth of the demand for ballot reform and reform in the civil service. They are both practical measures of relief from the peril of which every intelligent citizen is conscious. Their enemies are the very adepts and beneficiaries of corruption who are now being exposed. The whole Tammany system, to which the QUAY scandal also belongs, is a conspiracy against popular government and the nursery of dishonest politics. It is absurd for Republicans to denounce Tammany and to be dumb over the QUAY accusations, or for Democrats to shrug regretfully at the Tammany disclosures and to inveigh loudly at the corruption of QUAY. Rascality on one side does not condone knavery on the other, and when the practical choice is between a thief and a forger, honest men will choose neither. The disclosures now made public will be of the highest service.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S CIRCULAR.

THE Postmaster-General has issued a circular to the postmasters and employés of the Department, in which he cites in full the letter of President CLEVELAND, dated July 14, 1886, against the political activity of postmasters. Mr. WANAMAKER adopts the suggestions of the letter as his own, and exhorts the postal employés to diligence and courtesy and entire nonpartisanship in the discharge of their duties, and forbids the postmaster from installing himself as "the manipulator of the political affairs of his own party."

This is what the postmaster has been in the larger part of the smaller offices, and this is what he has been appointed to be. One of the shrewdest politicians in New York frankly owned, what was known to be the fact, that the country post-offices were the local party head-quarters; and all that many communities which had voted for Mr. CLEVELAND asked after his election was that the postmasters who had been the most obnoxious of partisans, handing out Democratic newspapers to their subscribers with sneering comments, and in every way making themselves repulsive to party opponents, should be dismissed.

But while the Postmaster-General issues this circular he might wisely reflect that it is his Assistant who makes it necessary. When men are made postmasters because they are the local manipulators of the political affairs of their own party, they are not likely to stop the service for which they have been rewarded. Mr. CLEVELAND'S warning was made necessary by the fact that postmasters were appointed even under his administration because they were obnoxious—that is, positive and aggressive partisans. That is Mr. CLARKSON'S rule of selection. But if postmasters were appointed only when there was an honest vacancy by death, resignation, inefficiency, or dishonesty, and only because they were fitted for the place and likely to treat everybody courteously, there would be no need of such circulars.

BALLOT REFORM IN NEW YORK.

THE ballot reform bill, as passed unanimously by the Legislature of New York and signed by the Governor, is not the complete bill that was anticipated, but it is a great advance upon the present system of voting. The new law provides the official ballot, removes the excuse for assessments, and secures the secrecy of the vote. Pasters may be taken into the booth and used. But there is no method of knowing whether they have been used. This provision may be doubtless abused. But if it does not prevent bribery and coercion altogether, it makes them much more difficult.

A very important result secured by the bill is the facility with which independent nominations can be made. Five hundred voters can obtain a supply of tickets for State officers upon whom they agree, and fifty for municipal candidates, except in New York and Brooklyn, where three hundred can have them placed upon the ballots. This removes at once the enormous labor and expense which have prevented movements to withstand the party machines, and enables honest citizens to combine easily and successfully against professional politicians.

The adoption of such a plan of voting shows the determination to deal with the political corruption which is now being exposed, and which our present election system fosters and protects. The approval of the bill by the Governor would show the force of public opinion, for, however imperfect the law may be, it will work unquestionably a reform which the Governor does not like, and which is naturally repugnant to his school of politicians. Happily it is one which the most intelligent and patriotic citizens everywhere desire.

"LABOR'S" MAY-DAY.

BISMARCK seems to have been correct—that trouble which is carefully announced in advance is not to be apprehended. The universal expectation of great trouble in all the chief cities in Europe on May-day was not fulfilled, although there was some bloodshed in Paris and Pesth. It may have been due to the military preparations which were known to have been made, and which would not have been made in vain had occasion arisen. The peaceful result may be explained also by the fact that the actual design was much less comprehensive and definite than was stated, and also to the vague and unreasoning anticipation which always attends a very obscure situation.

The movement of "labor" is complicated with various degrees and kinds of Socialism, from nationalism to anarchy, and it is always exposed to the incursions of mere criminal rioters and agitators. The organization of men who live by wages is instinctive, and its immense extension is a fact to be dealt with, not denied. There are great honesty of purpose and perfectly lawful intentions in such organizations, but they are liable to be overpowered by visionary and unscrupulous leaders.

In the old French cry of liberty, equality, and fraternity it was the equality rather than the liberty which was desired; and yet American equality, or what we know as equality before the law, and an equal right of independent individual choice, is the only possible equality. Equality of condition, which is the Socialistic aim, is no more possible than equality of ability or physical endowments. So far as the movements of "labor" fall under the control of this kind of Socialism, they cannot succeed, for the same reason that a man cannot lift himself by his waistband. But when they involve a measure which the government has approved, like the eight-hour day, it proposes an arrangement about which there can be argument and amicable deliberation.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

SPEAKER REED'S speech at Pittsburgh, with the bill of Senator HOAR and that of Mr. LODGE, shows the purpose of the dominant party to assume national control of Congressional elections. There is no doubt of the constitutional power to do this. But the speech of the Speaker shows the motive of its proposed exercise to be wholly partisan. The local control of elections, which is peculiarly agreeable to our whole political system, and which has become a cherished tradition, is to be overthrown in order to secure a partisan advantage.

The argument is that the Democratic party suppresses the Republican vote in certain States. The remedy offered is to secure a Republican majority by the power of the national government, acting through the courts of law. The result will probably be as much doubt as now as to the honest result of the elections, and the destruction of confidence in the courts. Already that confidence is shaken by the occurrences in Florida and the statements of the letter of the editor of the Jacksonville *Times-Union* to the President. The President virtually proclaims certain counties as obstructing the process of the courts. The editor replies with a statement of facts which, *mutatis mutandis*, recalls the situation in New England before the Revolution.

It would be very singular if the people in communities in which officers of the courts publicly announce their partisan character should retain respect for the courts or confidence in them. As we said in speaking of the LODGE bill, United States judges may be assumed to be as trustworthy as elected officers. But if the statements of the editor of the *Times-Union* are not disproved, that assumption fails in Florida. To intrust the control of elections to such court officers as the editor describes would be presumptive evidence of a partisan purpose, and the party which authorized it would have to reckon with the intelligence of every part of the country.

THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY UNDER GOVERNMENT.

THE eight-hour movement is extending widely. Congress has decreed it for certain branches of the national service, and other branches naturally demand it. The post-office clerks wish to know why some of their associates should enjoy a day of eight hours' labor while they are compelled to hard and longer toil. Of course there is no other answer than that it would take a great deal of money to gratify their wishes if the compensation is to remain the same.

There is an annual deficit now in the postal service, and a day of eight hours with the present wages and a larger force would greatly increase it. The presumption is fair that the employés relieved from overwork would work more efficiently, and that the larger appropriation would result in better service. This is a rule which is as applicable in the post-office as elsewhere, and Congress can hardly logically refuse the request. There should be no favoritism in the public service, and if the day of one employé is eight hours, either that of others should be the same, or they should be paid for the over-time.

The adoption of the rule would largely increase the numbers of the service as well as the cost. But if the public is willing to concede to its employés a working-day of eight hours, it is reasonable to suppose that the individuals of whom the public is composed will not refuse to do likewise. There is no doubt that many postal clerks, mail-carriers, and others are overworked. But they are aware that the government has no money except that which is taken from individuals in taxes, and the question which their request raises is one of very wide and general consequences.

THREE GREAT NAMES.

THERE is evidently no disposition to allow the birthdays of LINCOLN and GRANT to be forgotten, and, fortunately, unlike JEFFERSON'S, they are celebrated in a patriotic rather than partisan spirit. In his speech at the observance of GRANT'S birthday in Brooklyn, General WOODFORD expressed the universal feeling which gratefully associates the three names WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, and GRANT. It is very remarkable that within a century a country should have had three such men to honor, and it is very doubtful whether any country within the same period can point to three such sons.

WASHINGTON and LINCOLN were men of greater grasp and of more historic stature than GRANT. But he had with them in an extreme national exigency a perfectly unselfish patriotism and the greatest magnanimity. It has seemed so natural to us that our chief leaders in great emergencies should be patriots that the fact does not occur to us as their praise. But history does not often repeat the story.

WASHINGTON lived to complete his work, and his public career is the most symmetrical known to us. To secure by arms the independence of a nation and fully to organize a wholly new national government is his distinctive glory. What influence LINCOLN might have had upon the reconstruction of the Union we may surmise but cannot know. GRANT'S part in the work was perplexed by politics, but it was humane and generous. The commemoration of such men calls a truce to petty passions, and lifts us into the realm of the noblest patriotism.

PERSONAL.

MRS. E. B. CUSTER, who has for the past two years made her home in what she calls that delightful old quarter of New York not far from Washington Square, has left the city for the summer already, and betaken herself to her country home at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, in the vicinity of the Delaware Water Gap. Here MRS. CUSTER finds she can best do her literary work, uninterrupted by the many social calls that she cannot evade while in town. She tells with delight of the amount she manages to accomplish in her rural seclusion, and expresses her preference for such quiet to the charms of a more fashionable resort.

—The late Professor MATHER, of Amherst College, will not only be greatly missed in the educational institution with which he was so long connected, but also in many towns and cities of western and central Massachusetts, where he frequently filled prominent pulpits on Sunday. A dozen years ago Professor MATHER became greatly interested in the fine arts, and being made lecturer on sculpture, devoted much time and energy to gathering plaster casts for the college museum, which, under his care, became the most complete in the country outside of Boston.

—MRS. JAMES A. GARFIELD, who has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. J. STANLEY BROWN, at Washington, called on the present occupants of the White House, the visit being the first she has made there since President GARFIELD'S death.

—The seditious sentiments formed by SERGIUS E. SHEVITCH, the Socialist leader and editor of this city, and which were originally the cause of his leaving Russia, do not seem to have impaired the political standing of his brothers at home, one of whom is a member of the Senate at St. Petersburg, while another is Russian Minister to Japan. Family reasons have recently made it desirable for Mr. SHEVITCH to visit Russia, and the autocratic government of that country has given him leave to do so. It remains to be seen whether he will care to go.

—CHARLES THEODORE, the Bavarian Duke, is a true philanthropist. He not only gives free surgical treatment to thousands of poor people, but spends $50,000 a year in maintaining his free dispensaries and hospitals.

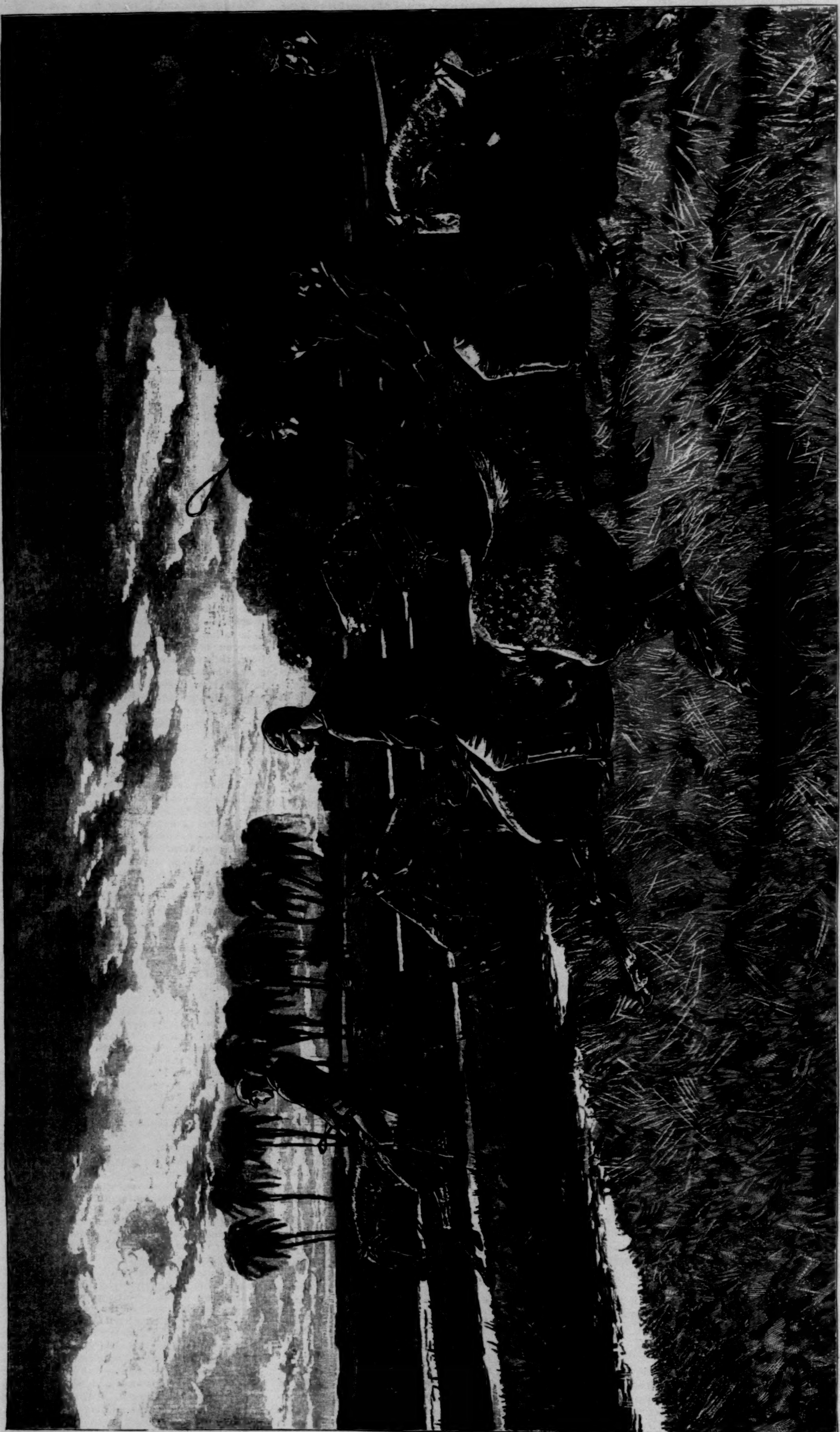
—The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* telegraphs, under date of May 1st, the following interesting item: "Mr. C. S. REINHART replied to the inquiry: 'I have nothing in the Salon, because I am *en route* to New York. My studio is packed, and I am on the wing,' sent with accompanying sketch."

—BRUNO GANSEL, of Chicago, has the sleigh in which NAPOLEON made his flight from Russia in 1812. It is an ancient and worm-eaten affair, little care having been bestowed on it of late years, and attached to it are three little silver bells. NAPOLEON rode in this vehicle to a little Silesian town, where he exchanged it with GANSEL'S father for a light travelling coach. GANSEL has documents attesting the genuineness of the sleigh.

—Major SERPA PINTO has been appointed aide-de-camp to the King of Portugal, the zeal without backing which made a fiasco of his attempts at central African conquest not being regarded at home with the marked displeasure which the British lion seemed to think it should.

—In republican America it does not seem strange that Viscount HAMPDEN, ex-Speaker of the British House of Commons, should have gone into the retail provision trade, but few would probably appreciate the privilege of buying goods stamped with a coronet. Eggs may become addled and butter attain strength even under so pretentious a trade-mark.

—*A Cyclopædia of the Manufactures and Products of the United States*, just published by the Seeger & Guernsey Company, of this city, furnishes a very impressive reminder of the rapidly growing desire to bring the country into closer relations with the republics of South America. The book is primarily intended for the convenience of buyers of American goods in Mexico, and Central and South America. It has received the warm endorsement of delegates to the late International Conference, and of President DIAZ, of Mexico as a valuable aid to the formation of closer commercial relations between the United States and its neighbors to the south. Every article of any consequence manufactured in the country has a place in its columns, accompanied by the names and addresses of the leading firms engaged in making it. The method of arrangement and classification leaves nothing to be desired, and it is probably the most complete vade-mecum for buyers, home or foreign, yet issued in the United States. It will be revised from year to year with each annual issue.



THE GRIDIRON JUMP, AN EPISODE OF SPORT IN BRITISH INDIA.—[See Page 367.]

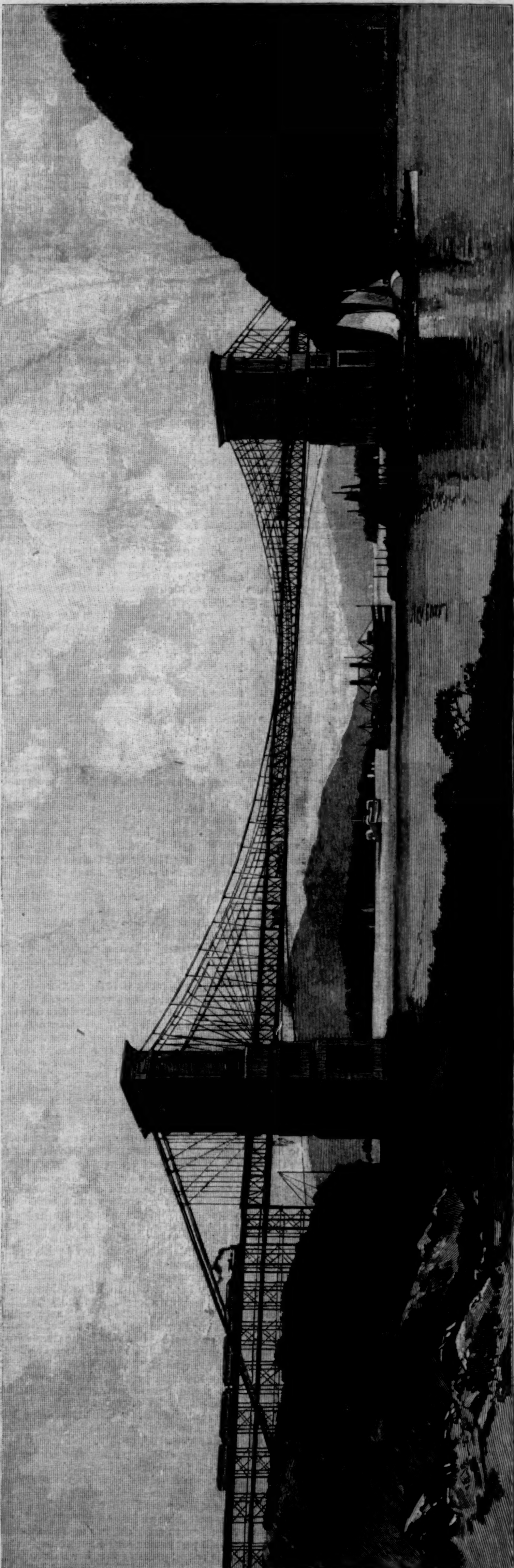
THE HUDSON SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

A SUSPENSION-BRIDGE across the Hudson River is now in course of construction just above Peekskill. The locality is a historical one, the eastern end of the bridge being at Anthony's Nose, and the western end resting on the site of old Fort Clinton, which was the scene of many encounters during the Revolution. The bridge will span the river without piers, abutments, or obstructions of any kind in the waterway, and will offer no impediment to navigation. The records of the Navy Department show that the highest mast that ever passed Fort Clinton measured 143 feet above the water, and by reason of the elevation of the ground on either side the bridge will exceed the height fixed by law, and will afford a clear headway at 163 feet above high tide. One span, 1620 feet in length, will cross the river, and the towers, 327 feet high, will have a base of granite masonry standing upon the solid rock on either side. The towers will have the appearance of granite, but in reality they are made of steel in skeleton form, and are incased in the manner of an iron house front. A girder thirty feet in height and forty feet in width will extend from tower to tower, and passing through will connect with the hill-sides at either end—a total length of 2850 feet. The girder will be held by twelve cables, composed of 954 strands; 61 wires—each wire 0.160 of an inch in diameter—making a strand. Two hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds to the square inch of metal will be the tension resistance. Thirty thousand miles of wire will be used in the construction, the wire being particularly strong and of great toughness. Twelve cables will extend from the towers on either side, eight of which will be parallel to and over and on each side of the trusses of the girder, and their curves will be in four vertical planes. The remaining four cables are to be two and two in the same plane, this plane to be so inclined to the horizon that while they are but 40 feet apart in the centre of the bridge, at the tops of the towers the distance between them will be 124 feet. They will not only help to carry the weight, but will act as a horizontal bracket or cantilever to prevent lateral motion. Technically this is called cradling the cables. From the saddles near the tops of the towers, the backstays, which help to carry the land spans of the great girder, will run to the anchors at such angles as to make the lines of force vertical, and directly through the central plane of the towers.

The engineers have profited by observing the defects in other bridges, and in that way have made many new and improved features which will add greatly to the stability of the bridge. A system of wind-gauges, independent of the cables, is to be provided with apparatus to compensate temperature strains. Double-track railways of standard gauge will occupy the upper deck, and the lower one will have a roadway and foot-paths for local traffic.

Every piece of metal, however small, used in the construction will be so placed that it can be inspected and painted at any time, and removed and renewed if necessary. This is a feature possessed by no other bridge, but which in this case allows the substitution of anything of metal, even to the little wires in the strand, without disturbing in any way the traffic of the bridge. A safe working load for the river span will be 6500 tons, while for the whole bridge 10,970 tons will be within the limit of safety. From the western end of the bridge the railroad tracks will extend to Turner's Station on the Erie road in one direction, and southward to New Jersey. From the eastern terminus the railway line will extend to the Connecticut State line by way of Somerstown, from whence the New York and New England Railroad will carry the line to Brewster's. The western extension necessitates the construction of a tunnel about 5000 feet in length through what is known as Bull Hill, by which the grade is reduced to thirty-seven feet to the mile. The tunnel in itself is a large undertaking, and a great force of men are at work upon it and the bridge towers, under the direction of General Edward W. Serrell, the chief engineer. The entire work will be finished within two years, and the completion will inaugurate a new departure in railroad affairs. The New England railway system will be brought into direct connection with the trunk lines of the West and North and Southwest, and will open a new all-rail route to the coal fields. A number of traffic contracts covering a period of fifty years have been made with the great railroad companies, who are in favor of the bridge scheme, and recognize its advantages.

At the present time the towers are in course of erection, and all the steel-work which is being prepared in the shop will be received by the engineers in such shape as to be immediately placed in position.



THE HUDSON SUSPENSION-BRIDGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION NEAR PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

KIT.

BY JENNY L. HOPKINS.

JERRY HUNTLEY'S grimy old clock, with the Father of his Country in a scarlet waistcoat and mouse-colored knee-breeches for a frontispiece, had just lazily chimed the hour of five. The aforesaid old gentleman was considerably the worse for wear, having received in the course of his long and useful career a gaping wound, which had nearly proved fatal, and through which could be distinctly traced the workings of his interior mechanism. The little children who came to the Cross-Roads store with buckets of butter and baskets of eggs used to wonder vaguely at the internal arrangements of General George Washington, which consisted apparently of two brass weights and several tiny cog-wheels. It was the only portrait of Washington in the neighborhood, and it never occurred to them that that gaping wound had not been designed by art instead of having been inflicted by the handle of a pitchfork, as it really had been by Dick Bowser, Jerry's clumsy clerk, who invariably brandished a rake, a hoe, or a pitchfork precisely as if it were an implement of war.

The clock, which had gone into business with Jerry nearly half a century before, had always occupied a position of honor on the shelf next to the top one, where the dignity of General Washington was upheld by a rough cleat, the fastenings in which were of such a spike-like variety that one might easily have fancied the dear old man in the light of a martyr nailed to the stake. A miscellanous assortment of agricultural implements occupied the top shelf, and it was while occupied in storing away the annual supply of these homely utensils, nearly a dozen years before, that Bowser had broken General Washington's leg and cruelly exposed his interior structure to the world. Jerry Huntley often said that nothing in the store was ever safe when Bowser was around. His very presence seemed to inspire a general insurrection among the motley array of goods with which the store was packed from floor to ceiling. Molasses and coal-oil, butter and gin, cod-fish and onion sets, mingled their vociferous odors in clamorous unison when Bowser was there to mislay stoppers and leave off covers.

Regularly on the first of every month, when Jerry paid him his salary, his employer never failed to tell the awkward fellow that he had broken as much crockery within the last four weeks as his wages amounted to; but, for all that, Bowser had been at the store for over twenty years, and was likely to remain there twenty years longer.

"Dick Bowser's no airthly 'count in the store," the old man used to say, as he sat smoking his pipe with a few choice neighborhood spirits of an evening; "but he 'ain't got his beat in this country for hucksterin'. Why, the wimmen save up all their truck fur him fur twenty mile roun'. Ye couldn't git 'em to sell it to nobody else. Jim Lane, him that keeps store over to Weepin' Willer, he tries sendin' out a waggin every spring; but, law, 'tain't no use. Ye see, Bowser's got the inside track with the wimmen. I dun'no' how he gits it. The Lord knows he's little 'nough 'count roun' here."

Now, between you and me, the truth was that Dick Bowser had a very kind heart, and that was one great reason, perhaps—Jerry Huntley having another—that the latter had kept him so long. On the afternoon in question, a midsummer afternoon it was, the clock having just struck five, Jerry Huntley, having nothing else to do, was sitting on a bench that ran along a platform in front of his store. He was a big, fleshy man, whose ample girth and smoothly shaven face made him a conspicuous figure among the farmers of the settlement, most of whom were heavily bearded, and more or less meagre in point of flesh, the vigorous exercise in which they indulged being rather more conducive to taking flesh off their bones than to putting it on. Moreover, Jerry was bald, and his eyes, which were small and dark as sloes, had a way of shining like black diamonds when he was amused or interested. His attire consisted simply of two garments, a blue gingham shirt, and a pair of wide, baggy linen pantaloons supported by a pair of white knitted suspenders.

Jerry had been one of the first settlers at the Cross-Roads, and was accounted a rich man, although there were certainly no external evidences

of that enviable condition about the store, nor yet about Jerry's house, a low, rambling, one-story building, which stood in a wide, unkept door-yard a few feet in the rear. The store itself was a small, low structure adorned with quaint windows, which peered out upon the flat sweep of meadow and woodland lying beyond like so many small, curious little eyes. The hand of man never having been called into requisition, Nature had painted the Cross-Roads store in her own way, the result being those indescribable woody browns and grays to which imitative art has never attained. The shutters, which were an after-thought, still retained their original piny hue, and the door had Jerry Huntley's name marked across it in red kiel, which the storms of twenty winters had been unable to efface. Dick Bowser was responsible for that bit of ornate chirography. The first thrashing Huntley ever gave him—he had come to the store when but a small lad—had been for that same transgression; but the kiel Dick had used was of the variety known as "hard," and had scratched so deeply that it would never "out."

Inside, the store was grimy with the grime of years. Every time Dick Bowser swept and sprinkled, he only laid another stratum of hilly earth on the boards which composed the floor. The narrow shelves bulged with their weight of cheap dry-goods. Boxes and barrels were everywhere. A display of boots and shoes was artistically flanked on one side by a box of odoriferous codfish, and by an aggressive-looking mass of dried apples on the other. There was everything to be had at the Cross-Roads store. Even the mail came there once a week, and was obligingly dumped into a wash-tub, from which the inhabitants were at perfect liberty to fish out their own. The fact that they never helped themselves to anybody else's was due to an unwritten code of honor which was never transgressed.

It may readily be supposed that Jerry Huntley was not forced to spend the close of the long summer afternoon alone. The most infrequent visitor at any country store could tell you better than that. There probably had not been a day nor an hour for more than forty years that at least one horse had not been hitched at the long rack which stood at the side of the road, and oftener there were several. As for Solomon Perkins—old Sol Perkins, the neighbors called him, without meaning the slightest disrespect; in fact this was rather a term of endearment than otherwise—it had got so of late years, they said, that he never left the store except at meal-time, and then not always, for Jerry, whose table was presided over by a buxom hired girl—one Jemima Lovely by name—frequently invited him to remain. But Sol Perkins was not the only companion Jerry had that summer afternoon, for it was Saturday, and the Cross-Roads farmers had knocked off work early, as was their wont on the last day of the week. Sam Black was there—a monstrous fellow of prodigious height, who looked as if he might easily have kicked Jerry's little store over, and carried it home in his pockets to his "young uns," as he called them, for a plaything—and Eli Bronson, an eccentric Lilliput, whose head would not have reached to Jerry's waist by actual measurement, and who had long since come to be known by common consent as the Little Giant. Then there was William Lovely, Jemima's brother, a smart young man, who had been two winters at school at Weeping Willow, but who occasionally condescended to bestow an hour or two of his interesting company upon the habitués of the store. These and half a dozen others, who lounged about the platform in various attitudes, made up an assembly which amused itself by chewing tobacco and aimlessly whittling at small bits of wood—refuse of dry-goods boxes—with which the ground in front of the store was always thickly strewn.

Occasionally a man would lazily inform Jerry that "the old woman wanted a pound of coffee or tea for Sunday," but for the most part the visitors had not so much as the ghost of an excuse for tarrying. They came to the store from force of habit, and remained simply because they were too indolent to move on. The air was close and stifling, and notwithstanding the repeated efforts of Mr. William Lovely, who considered himself quite at home on any subject, conversation flagged. Suddenly a cloud of thick yellow dust appeared in the distance. It made the atmosphere even more oppressive, but it roused dormant interest. Sam Black hazarded the opinion that he "s'posed it was Tim Foley haulin' the school-house coal."

Jerry Huntley laughed. "Not much," he said, good-naturedly. "Thet's Bowser, ez sure ez it's a livin' man. Thar's summat abaout his drivin' thet I kin tell every time."

"Bet yer the chaws all roun' thet 'tain't," said the Little Giant, who, like most small men, always liked to be on the opposite side of a question.

"Better git out yer plug, then," Jerry responded, "for thar's ole Gray's head naow. I kin tell it a mile off."

The four roads from which the neighborhood derived its name met and forked in different directions at the corner of Jerry Huntley's field, half a mile away, and it was not long before the shapes of man, horses, and wagon emerged dimly from out the cloud of dust at the further end of the lane. As Dick Bowser drove slowly into view and stopped at the store, an amused grunt went up at the expense of the Little Giant, who felt obliged to pay the penalty of his wager, and did so sheepishly; but this incident was of small importance when compared with the arrival of Jerry's huckster wagon. The latter was, in fact, always the event of the day. On these occasions Bowser became a hero by mere force of circumstances—a state of things which was not of long duration, but which that personage enjoyed to the utmost while it lasted; and the broad grin which illuminated his freckled countenance on that memorable day, when his jaded horses came slowly homeward, indicated that the day's rounds had been productive of even more than their usual amount of entertainment and profit. The wagon was an old rickety affair covered with dirty canvas, half detached from the bows, and its bed was so closely packed with boxes, barrels, and chicken-coops that Bowser had been obliged to dispense with the seat, and had made the return trip astride of a barrel. There was a big lot of "truck," as it was known at the Cross-Roads, to unload, and Jerry hastened at once to Bowser's assistance, accompanied by Perkins, Black, and one or two others.

The picture Dick Bowser presented seated astride that old barrel would have provoked the risibilities of almost anybody outside of the settlement. Huntley's team consisted of a small mule and a large horse, the effect being incongruous in the extreme, and the harness was patched in several places with bits of rope, for whatever else the old man did with his money, he certainly did not believe in sacrificing it to mere external appearances. The general *ensemble*, including Bowser, who was a small, shrivelled specimen, with freckles and a shock of thick, matted, corn-colored hair, would have taken the premium at a show of eccentrics.

"Hullo, Dick! hed a good day, I reckon?" Jerry said, as he stepped around to the foot of the wagon, took out the end board, and with the assistance of Black and Perkins began rolling boxes and barrels out on the platform. "Here, Solomon, give us a lift with the coops, will ye? Easy, boys, easy. Gewhilikens, Bowser, what's thet?" For Jerry, in the course of his excavations, suddenly ran foul of a small basket, the contents of which instantly set up a faint moaning cry.

"Gosh, Jerry!" ejaculated Sol Perkins, "Dick must 'a' brought ye a puppy, knowin' ye'd like it almost ez well ez ye would a pet hornet;" and chuckling to himself over his friend's anticipated discomfiture, the old man reached into the wagon for the basket, giving it a careless wrench as he did so, which made the presumably canine occupant send out fresh moans as of pain.

"Easy thar, durn ye!" cried Sam Black's big voice, angrily. "Sol Perkins, don't ye s'pose a puppy's got no feelin'? Stand back, will ye?" and thrusting his great body between the men and the wagon, the big fellow lifted out the basket as tenderly as a woman would have done. Swinging it lightly before him, the others following curiously behind, he stepped carefully upon the platform, removed the shackly cover, and revealed—"Why, durn my skin, Jerry," he exclaimed, "if Bowser 'ain't gone an' brung ye a baby!"

And that it was a baby was too plain to be mistaken, for taking the small creature out of the basket, Sam lifted it up gently, and held it on his big broad shoulder for the men to see; a wee, six-weeks-old baby, with a little pale, pinched face, two great, staring black eyes, and a pair of skinny little hands, that reminded one of the claws of an eaglet.

By this time Bowser, who had gone on mechanically with the work of unloading, had begun to turn all the colors of the rainbow, and Jerry, who was utterly dumfounded, simply stared at his eccentric employé in open-mouthed amazement, as if he wondered what would happen next. Sam Black, who had a houseful of little ones at home, gently seesawed from side to side, making a strong cradle of his arms, and vainly trying to hush the feeble cries of the babe, which were those of hunger. The men had gathered about him in a little group, their faces wearing an expression of the blankest astonishment.

Jerry Huntley was first to break the silence. "Willum," he said to young Lovely, "run inter the haouse an' tell Jemime to come out here. Sol Perkins, I wish ye'd jump on yer horse an' go over after Mari'. Jemime she don't know nothin' about babies; no more don't I," this with a faint blush, which might have been more reasonably expected from a boy of eighteen than from a man well up in the fifties. Unquestionably the circumstances were decidedly embarrassing to the Cross-Roads store-keeper, who had always been a bachelor, and who the gossips said always would be.

Dick Bowser had just poised a chicken-coop on his back, and was making off for the barn with it, when Jerry stopped him with his sharp, "Hi, thar, Bowser!" a word of command with which the younger man was too well acquainted to delay long in answering. Bowser's brown face turned a shade lighter, and the chicken-coop trembled visibly on his shoulders as he replied, meekly, "Yas, Mr. Huntley," for Jerry was known to be a violent man at times, and Bowser dreaded an explosion of his wrath as he would have dreaded an earthquake.

"Look ye here, Dick Bowser, I'll 'Yas, Mr. Huntley' ye, if ye ain't keerful. What in thunder do ye mean, anyhaow, bringin' me a baby—me, of all men—jest ez if 'twas a part o' the reg'lur chicken business. Where'd it come from, I say, an' what d'ye bring it here fur? Tell the truth, naow, or ye'll pack afore night."

At this juncture there ensued a moment of breathless suspense. Even the baby herself seemed interested in the coming disclosure, for she stopped crying, and nestled comfortably down on Sam Black's big shoulder, while the men instinctively drew a little nearer, and stood with their mouths wide open, as if they expected those organs to assist generously in the process of hearing. The chicken-coop, with its load of fluttering roosters and pullets, had grown very heavy by this time, but it never occurred to Dick Bowser to put it down. On the contrary, he clutched it more firmly than before, and the perspiration broke out on his face in great globules, from the combined effects of heat, exertion, and fear.

"Found it half a mile this side o' Riley's Ford, in the Big Woods, under a clump o' hickories. It was cryin' in the basket, an' I got out an' took it in. After thet I stopped to every haouse along the road 'twixt here an' thar, an' axed the wimmen folks to take it, but they all 'lowed as haow they hed more young uns naow than they knowed what to do with, so I *hed* to bring it along."

"I believe yer lyin'," muttered Jerry; "ye alwus war sich a confounded queer cuss I never could make out head nor tail to ye. Waal, git along with yer chicken-coop, an' we'll see what the wimmen kin do fur the chile. Here, Jemime, take it. 'Tain't goin' to bite ye, I reckon. Acts ez if 'twas hungry ez a wolf. What 'll we give it fur supper, Sam? Bacon an' 'taters?"

"'Night's milk," replied Sam, out of the depths of his superior paternal wisdom; "fresh from the keow. Then put it to sleep, an' it 'll be bright ez a dollar in the mornin'."

But Maria Perkins, who arrived a few minutes later, riding on a bit of blanket spread behind her husband's saddle, said the baby was very sick. "Dick Bowser he picked the poor little critter up jest in time," she added. "Ef he hadn't, it would 'a' been dead afore mornin'."

And so it came about that Jerry Huntley's spare bedroom—the one with the new red and yellow rag carpet, and the old yellow four-poster covered with a startling pink and blue bedquilt, done after a design known to the women of the Cross-Roads as "The Rising Sun"—was turned into a nursery that very night, in which Maria Perkins and Jemima Lovely flitted to and fro all night, like kindly shadows, striving with might and main to keep the poor little lamp of life alight. When morning came, Maria, who set out for home soon after daybreak to look after the wants of her household, ran across Jerry walking slowly up and down the platform, with both hands in his pockets and an old straw hat pulled well down over his eyes.

"Waal, Mari'," he asked, anxiously, "haow's the child?"

The woman looked at him in surprise. "It 'll live," she said, briefly, hurrying on, and leaving the Cross-Roads store-keeper to think his own solitary thoughts.

Ten years later on, another midsummer evening, Jerry Huntley and Dick Bowser were sitting down to supper together just as they had done for the last thirty years. The lapse of time had wrought but little change in the two men. Jerry's few remaining hairs had grown a little grayer, and Dick's corn-colored locks a little darker—that was all. There were two vacant seats at the table, and when Jemima Lovely came in, carrying the smoking coffee-pot, behind which she soon ensconced herself at the head of the board, Jerry, looking up interrogatively, asked where Kit was. Now Kit, as any one might have supposed, was none other than the baby whom Bowser had found in the basket "half a mile this side o' Riley's Ford, in the Big Woods," ten years before. That is, she had been that baby, but nobody would ever have known her as such now, because she had grown into such a provokingly pretty, olive-skinned child, with great, burning black eyes, and a mop of tangled black curly hair, which Jemima could never do anything with, try as she would; and because, whereas the baby, being a puny little thing, was a marvel of patience and sweetness, the Kit into which it had grown was as perverse and wilful as she was full of health and spirits. This state of things may have been due to her rearing, Jerry Huntley and Jemima Lovely having but the crudest ideas of how to bring up a child; but notwithstanding her perverseness she loved them well, including Bowser—who had bowed down and worshipped her from the beginning—and had ruled them with a rod of iron ever since she was old enough to talk.

As the meal progressed and the child did not make her appearance, Jerry began to grumble, as he always did when his ward was out of sight. "Can't you keep her in the house long 'nough to eat her meals, Jemime?" he asked, gruffly. "'Pears to me that chile's growin' up jest like a weed, anyhaow. She's off with Tom, Dick, an' Harry all the time, a-runnin' an' a-climbin' like mad. I swan, I dun'no' what to do with her. Why, thar she is naow!" For the latch of the garden gate clicked just then, and Kit came in, drenched to the skin, her short calico dress, which just came to her knees, clinging to her little round plump form, her hair a dripping mass, and her sun-bonnet crushed in her wet hand, like a sponge. As she neared the house she caught sight of the trio in the kitchen, and coolly ignoring the door, sprang lightly in at the open window, crossed the room, dropping a stream of muddy water on the white floor, and walking straight up to Jerry's chair, perched herself on his knee, and began greedily eating her supper from his plate.

"What mischief hev ye been inter naow?" asked the old man, taking her wet hair in his hands and wringing it over the back of his chair. "Ye're wet through an' through. G'long with ye. I don't want no sich tomboy."

"Oh yes, ye do, daddy!" cried the child—she had always called him daddy; it was the first word her lips had ever uttered—"yes ye do, 'cause—'cause ye don't know I come nearly drowndin' this afternoon, do ye? An' ye'd 'a' wanted me bad to-night if I'd 'a' come home drownded—say, naow, daddy, wouldn't ye?"

She had a weird way of defending herself when reproved—one that seldom failed of the mark in Jerry Huntley's household—but her guardian looked at her more sternly perhaps than he ever had done before, when she made this startling announcement.

"Who saved ye?" he asked, in a tone that Bowser and Jemima knew to be husky and broken, although a stranger would never have suspected it.

"Willum Lovely, Jemime's brother. He was drivin' over t' his daddy's from Weepin' Willer, an' he seen me go under the water—I was swimmin' in the creek, ye know—an' he had his clothes off an' got me out o' the water quicker'n ye kin say Jack Robinson. Gimme me s'more corn-bread, Jemime."

The old man grasped the child's shoulders so fiercely that she cried out with pain. "I tell ye what it is, Kit," he said, "thar's no use talkin', ye've got to go to Weepin' Willer t' boardin'-skule. Hurry up an' git her a lot o' new dresses made, Jemime; she's got to go next month. Oh, ye needn't cry, Miss Kit; ye've got to go to skule, an' l'arn to be a lady. I'll buy ye a silk dress an' a pianner, but I'll be hanged if I'll let ye drown'd yerself."

Vainly the child protested that she didn't want to go to school, and that she would do differently if her guardian would only allow her to remain at home. Jerry was inexorable. Jemima had her orders to use the best goods in the store for Kit, and the childish wardrobe that materialized under the careful manipulation of that worthy spinster within the next fortnight was a marvel of color and finish. Jerry had a vague notion that he could overcome Kit's scruples against education with finery, but in this he soon discovered his mistake. The child absolutely refused to have anything to do with any part of her extensive new wardrobe except a little red jacket with brass buttons, in which gaudy bit of raiment Bowser found her attired one morning, astride an unbroken colt, chasing the cattle around the barn-yard in a wild glee that would have made Jerry's heart sink if he had seen her.

The day came all too soon for the child to leave the only shelter she had ever known, and with it came a battle in which the weaker went to the wall, and the weaker, as you will readily suppose, was Jerry. The old man had even gone so far as to buy a new buggy, in which Kit was to be conveyed to the school, in order that her school-mates might not ridicule the ancient huckster wagon, and so embitter her young mind against "l'arnin'" in the very first instance. Kit's trunk was strapped to the back of the buggy, and Bowser, who was to act in the capacity of driver, stood ready and waiting, attired in his quaint Sunday suit, which he had worn ever since the child was a baby. Jemima Lovely was in the pantry cutting huge slices of plum-cake, and wedging them into an immense lunch-basket, together with roasted chickens, sweet pickles, cookies, jellies, and good things galore, for Jemima was a firm believer in the prevalent theory that children are always starved at boarding-school. Every now and then she would cease operations long enough to duck her head in her apron, for Kit had come nearer to investing her with the tender mantle of motherhood than any other helpless little being probably ever would, and more than one briny tear went into the big lunch-basket along with its more substantial contents.

"Come, hurry up, Jemime; Dick's ready. Never mind fixin' any more grub; ye've got 'nough thar for the hull skule naow. Whar's Kit? It's time she had her bunnit on. Startin' so late ull make Dick late gittin' home to-night."

It was Jerry's voice, and something in its clear, sharp tone cut through Jemima like a knife. Where was Kit? She had not seen the child for half an hour. A sudden suspicion entered the woman's mind as she dropped the basket in obedience to Jerry's summons and went over the house calling: "Kit! Kit! whar be ye? Don't ye hear me, Kit? Yer daddy says it's high time ye was off." But no Kit answered. In vain Jemima explored every nook and cranny in the house, not omitting to look under the beds and into the closets, for she knew Kit's habits, and would not have been surprised to have found her stowed carefully away in a drawer, if only there had been one large enough; but all to no avail. Kit was not there. Jerry, who had followed close at Jemima's heels, began to grow very red in the face. Presently the man and woman looked at each other, and both laughed. "Waal, Jemime," Jerry said, his big hearty guffaw ringing out through the silent house, "it looks consid'-

able like the little devil had gin us the slip, don't it?"

Then they went to Kit's dog-house—a favorite resort of hers, which was inhabited solely by her two dogs, that were chained, and howling as if in anticipation of their mistress's departure. By this time Bowser and Sol Perkins had joined the search, and the quartette proceeded to the barn, where its members separated, each taking a different route. Precisely as might have been expected, Jemima was first to get trace of the lost one. Directly above the wide threshing-floor, which composed the centre of the barn, ran a high dark loft, so densely packed with straw that the eye at first could distinguish nothing but a golden mass, tinted here and there with pale flecks of light which straggled through a single pane of glass in the end of the barn. But forty years of service had not dimmed Jemima's eyes, and her sight soon became cognizant of a small patch of scarlet which flamed among the yellow straw like a red-bird. Kit's passion for the red jacket had betrayed her. Jemima lost no time in giving the alarm, and the men, whose eyes followed the indication of that good woman's bony forefinger, soon observed the child burrowing under the straw. Kit had the best of her pursuers, because the ladder upon which she had climbed to the loft was too frail to support the weight of a man—Jerry had already engaged the Cross-Roads carpenter to replace it—and ladder-scaling was not included in Jemima's *repertoire*. It was impossible to effect her capture by physical means, and so Jerry had recourse to strategy.

"Why, Kit," he shouted, "what do ye mean by hidin' this way? Don't ye want to go to skule, an' l'arn to be a lady?"

"No, daddy, I don't," promptly answered the child, advancing to the centre of the loft, where she stood with heightened color, her big black eyes burning with excitement, and looking down unflinchingly into Jerry's, which twinkled in spite of themselves.

"Jest want ter stay here an' grow up like a wild critter, ridin' colts, an' drowndin', an' runnin' arter the keows every night fur Jemime?"

"Yes, daddy."

"An' haow about the silk dress an' the pianner?"

"Ye can give 'em to some other little gal. I don't want 'em."

By this time Jerry, who, to use his own expression, was a bad hand at an argument, felt that he was rapidly running out of ammunition. "Kit," he said, desperately, "don't ye know daddy wants ye to grow up like a lady, stidder like a weed? Wouldn't ye like to go to skule an' l'arn to play pianner, an' draw pictures, an' sich, jist 'cause daddy wants ye to?"

This was a poser, but not in the way Jerry intended it to be. Poor little Kit burst out crying as if her heart would break.

"I love my daddy, so I do," she cried; "an' I don't want to go 'way off to Weepin' Willer to skule, an' leave him an' Jemime, an' Dick Bowser an' all of 'em. Oh, daddy, I can't, I can't!"

And this was the end of Kit's education, of which Jerry had dreamed for ten long years, and for which he had hoarded and saved with renewed diligence ever since the night Bowser had brought home that strange little human morsel in the basket.

It was a strange coincidence that poor old Jerry Huntley should have lost his eyesight the same year that his savings of a lifetime went, as he expressed it, up Salt River. It was a strange thing that a man who had lived as long as he had, and knew human nature as well, should ever have consented to have gone Eli Bronson's security for so large a sum of money; but such, nevertheless, was the storm that brought about his shipwreck, leaving him quite as empty-handed as he had been more than half a century before, when he started the Cross-Roads store, with no capital save that of honesty and industry. The Little Giant, who had a passion for speculation in live-stock, had indulged it to a ruinous extent. His old neighbor had seen fit to befriend him when nobody else would, and the result was disaster at the Cross-Roads store for the old man and those dependent on his bounty. The storm broke with pitiless force upon Jerry, who went down into the depths of despair, and came out a feeble, broken old man. Then his eyesight flickered and went out, and he might as well have lost his other senses too, for all the use they ever were to him after that.

In this sad reverse of circumstances, Kit, who was now grown into beautiful, blooming young womanhood, was her father's only consolation. As he had guarded the helplessness of her infancy, so now she became the staff of his declining years. As he had pitied her orphanage, so she sorrowed over his infirmity and misfortune. When William Lovely, who had been her accepted lover for some months, told her openly and brutally that he did not propose to provide for Jerry simply because he happened to be her foster-father, she did not hesitate an instant. "Ye kin go back to Weepin' Willer, Willum Lovely," she said, with a dry sob, "an' pick yerself out a wife from the fine ladies thar. They'll mebbe suit you better nor I would, anyhaow. Leastways, *I* don't want ye. I'm goin' to stick to daddy."

And that she kept her word none would have doubted had they followed her throughout the next few years, for the old home at the Cross-Roads soon fell into the hands of strangers, and the old man and the girl had to go out into the world, where one of them must fight a sharp battle for bread, and that one, of course, was Kit. Just how this was to be accomplished was for some time a perplexing question, but that mystery was soon solved when a travelling circus came along, camped in the woods back of the store, and observed collectively and individually how superbly the girl could ride. She arranged to accompany the circus without the knowledge of Jerry, who she knew would oppose the measure strenuously at first, and they were well on the way before he discovered that they had become part and parcel of the caravan, for the provisions of Kit's engagement included her "daddy," the main requirement on her side being that he should be comfortably provided for.

Oddly enough, when the time came for parting, both Bowser and Jemima refused stubbornly to be left behind, and so the manager, who carried a soft heart under a rough exterior, gave them his profane permission to join the show, in which they soon found employment. Unlike her brother, Jemima was faithful to her old master's interest, and would gladly have followed him and Kit to the end of the world. As for Bowser, the idea of deserting them had never so much as entered his head, and he was glad to follow in the pathway which Kit thought led to independence. It was a comfort to the girl to be thus constantly surrounded by the three dear old faces, and after the first few weeks Jerry began to be more reconciled to the strange, wandering life.

The last strains of the big strident orchestra had just died away. The trumpets had blared, the bugles had blown, and now "the ladies," superbly mounted, some on chestnut, some on beautiful milk-white horses, rode gayly into the ring. Kit, by reason of her superior beauty, rode alone at the head, and behind her, two abreast, came the others in a long, graceful, sweeping line, all the horses keeping perfect step, all the riders sitting like queens in their sweeping velvet skirts, with their rich plumes nodding softly in the summer breeze which stole in at the top of the tent. Kit's habit was of bright emerald velvet. Her hat had a long white plume on it, which drooped almost to her waist, and a brooch of presumably precious stones gleamed at her throat. She was tall, supple, finely moulded, and retained the brilliant olive complexion and dark burning eyes of her childhood. Her glossy black curls hung in a thick, luxuriant mass under her hat; surely she was a goodly sight to see, and her triumphal entrance on the magnificent white horse she rode was always a signal for a burst of applause. She had chosen a fiery animal to ride, because there was something in her which rejoiced in quelling an unruly spirit, and because she was not averse to showing her skill.

One, two, three! The ring-master in blue coat and brass buttons cracks his great whip, and the riders start on their second round; but by this time Kit's horse is growing more restive than she has ever known him, and she has all she can do to retain her hold upon the reins. His delicate mouth is covered with foam, and the girl, who in turn quickly resorts to both harsh and gentle measures, is surprised to find that neither has any effect.

One, two, three again! Kit's horse is flying like a centaur, but her splendid courage does not forsake her. Her faith in herself is strong, and she would rather die than ask the ring-master for aid, or allow any one to suspect that she is in need of it.

One, two, three! Oh! how harshly the cracking of that cruel lash sounds to the poor girl now! Her arms ache as if they were being pulled out of their sockets. There is a film before her eyes. Her hands are growing cramped and rigid. Surely, surely her faultless horsemanship must triumph, but she knows now that there will have to be a mighty struggle, and steels herself for it, every nerve tense, every sense concentrated on the feat before her, every wish merged in the one to win.

One, two, three! The signal is given for the leap over the hurdle, and as Kit's horse rears and plunges, she brings down her whip upon his beautiful white neck with a cut of fury. In another instant he has thrown her viciously over his head, and she lies bleeding and senseless.

As the ring-master stoops quickly over her he is angrily put aside by a common roustabout, whose coarse laborer's garb is soiled with the dust and grime of the circus. It is Dick Bowser who lifts the tall girl as tenderly as if she were but an infant, and carries her speedily to the village inn, where poor old Jerry Huntley sits dozing in the afternoon sun.

"Jerry! Jerry! wake up!" he cries, in frenzy. "Kit's been throwed from her horse in the circus!"

Something in Dick's wild, piteous tones rouses the girl for a moment. Wonderingly she opens her eyes from which the light is fast fading. Tenderly the old man presses Kit to his heart, and lays his wrinkled cheek against hers, pale with the pallor of death. Wistfully the dark misty eyes look up at the poor old sightless ones, of which they have been the light for more than twenty years.

Brokenly she murmurs, "I—done—it—for—ye,—daddy,—didn't—I?"

Then her eyes close, and Kit has gone on her last, long ride to eternity.

WITH THE SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION.

Among the exercises for the carrying out of which the Squadron of Evolution is in existence, no other has anything like the importance that must be attached to target practice with the guns of the main and secondary batteries. It is to carry and use these guns that men-of-war are built and equipped, and the rapidity and accuracy with which they can be used is a measure of the efficiency of the ships that carry them. In the case of the new high-power guns with which the vessels of this squadron are armed, careful and systematic instruction and practice are of especial importance, and for several reasons. In the first place, the guns are capable of marvellous accuracy if properly handled; but the same peculiarity which gives them this great accuracy—the flat trajectory, due to the high velocity of the projectile—results in a correspondingly great inaccuracy if the finer points involved in sighting are neglected. The roll of the ship, for instance, if not allowed for at the instant of firing, will cause a far greater error in range than would be caused with the old muzzle-loading guns firing light projectiles with low velocity. Furthermore, the ammunition for the new gun is so heavy and bulky that only a comparatively small number of rounds can be carried, and every round that is wasted represents an important loss of offensive power. Of far less consequence, but not unworthy of consideration, is the fact that it represents also an expense of about fifty dollars in the case of an 8-inch gun.

Still further, while very little can be safely predicted of the naval battle of the future, it is quite certain that it will, as a rule, be short; and under certain circumstances, particularly with unarmored ships, a single well-aimed shot may determine victory for one side or the other at the very opening of the action. So far as regards the value attaching to the ammunition from the limited supply which can be carried, it will be seen that this acts in two conflicting directions, making it important to have target practice frequently, and at the same time limiting the amount of ammunition which can be spared for such practice. The *Chicago* carries fifty rounds for each of her 8-inch guns. Each gun should have at least two trained marksmen. But it is clearly impossible to spare a sufficient number of rounds of ammunition to train these men. If we had a gunnery school-ship—as it is to be hoped that we soon shall have—they would be trained before being sent to sea-going ships; but for the present each ship must train them for itself, and there is raised the problem to find a means of exercising and educating men to sight and fire heavy guns rapidly and accurately without actually firing the guns. The simplest way would be to take a time when the ship is absolutely stationary, require the gun captains to point at certain fixed objects, and let their sighting be verified or corrected by their instructors. This is tedious, and contains no element of possible interest for the average blue-jacket. Practice with a musket can be made interesting, because the results of it can be seen, and it gives a certain familiarity with the use of sights; but the differences between the firing of a musket and that of an 8-inch rifle are greater than the resemblances. A much more satisfactory method is to secure the barrel of a musket inside the bore of a great gun, and use the sights of the latter (properly corrected) for firing the musket at a target a few hundred yards from the ship.

This is a very nearly perfect substitute for actual great-gun practice, but it cannot well be carried out at sea, and there are not very many ports where it is safe to do very much firing, even with a 45-calibre musket. It has been proposed, for occasions where this method is not available, to attach a small camera to a gun in such a way that the axis of the lens shall be parallel to the line of sight, and to fit the shutter with a string, which the gun captain would use exactly as if it were a lock-string for firing the gun. Having gotten his aim at the object selected, which might very conveniently be one of the ships of the squadron, he would snap his shutter, and the photograph taken would, when developed, show what his aim had been. If each gun captain were given prints of all his shots, he would soon learn to feel a pride in making them the best possible. A sighting drill of this kind could be carried on at any time and in any place.

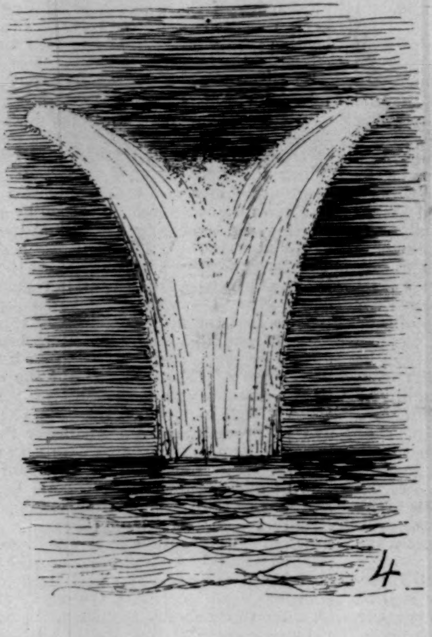
In the few months since the Squadron of Evolution was organized the men have been carefully instructed in sighting, and have had such drills as have been found practicable; but all this had little meaning for them so long as they had not fired the guns, nor seen them fired. This has been fully realized, but the instructions of the Navy Department require that the first firing of a cruise shall take place at anchor, and under the most favorable conditions that can be found. To fire for the first time at sea, with the ship rolling, would be to miss many of the most valuable lessons that should be drawn from the first trial of the guns, as it would be impossible to separate the various causes of error involved. There are very few anchorages in the Mediterranean where permission can be had to fire, or where it would be safe to do so even if permission were given. But at Corfu was found an ideal place. The long narrow stretch of water between the island and the main-land of Albania affords an unobstructed range of over twelve miles. On the second day after the arrival of the squadron, the *Yorktown* got under way at daylight and went outside, anchoring just to the southward of the picturesque old Venetian fortress which is supposed to defend the entrance to the harbor, but which the *Yorktown*, with her modern guns, could batter down in a few hours. Her guns upon this occasion, however, were trained to seaward. In order to secure uniformity in the manner of conducting and recording the firing, the Admiral had appointed a board of officers to direct the work, one officer being taken from each ship. These officers went out each day, and kept careful notes, not only of the firing, but of the working of the guns and their mechanism, the arrangement for supplying ammunition, etc. Two targets were laid out at distances of one thousand and fifteen hundred yards, the nearer one being for use with the "secondary" battery, the more distant one for the great guns of the main battery. Abreast each target, but at a safe distance, was anchored a boat with an observer to note the fall of each shot, whether short of or beyond the target, and by what distance. An observer on board ship noted similarly the errors to the right or left. There was no difficulty about these observations, as every shot, on striking the water, throws up a column of foam which can be seen at a great distance, that from an 8-inch shell rising fully forty feet. With the co-ordinates determined by these two observers, the exact point of fall can be determined for each shot, and plotted on a chart having the target for a centre. It is then easy, with a knowledge of the path of the projectile, to determine at what point on the side of a ship each shot would have struck.

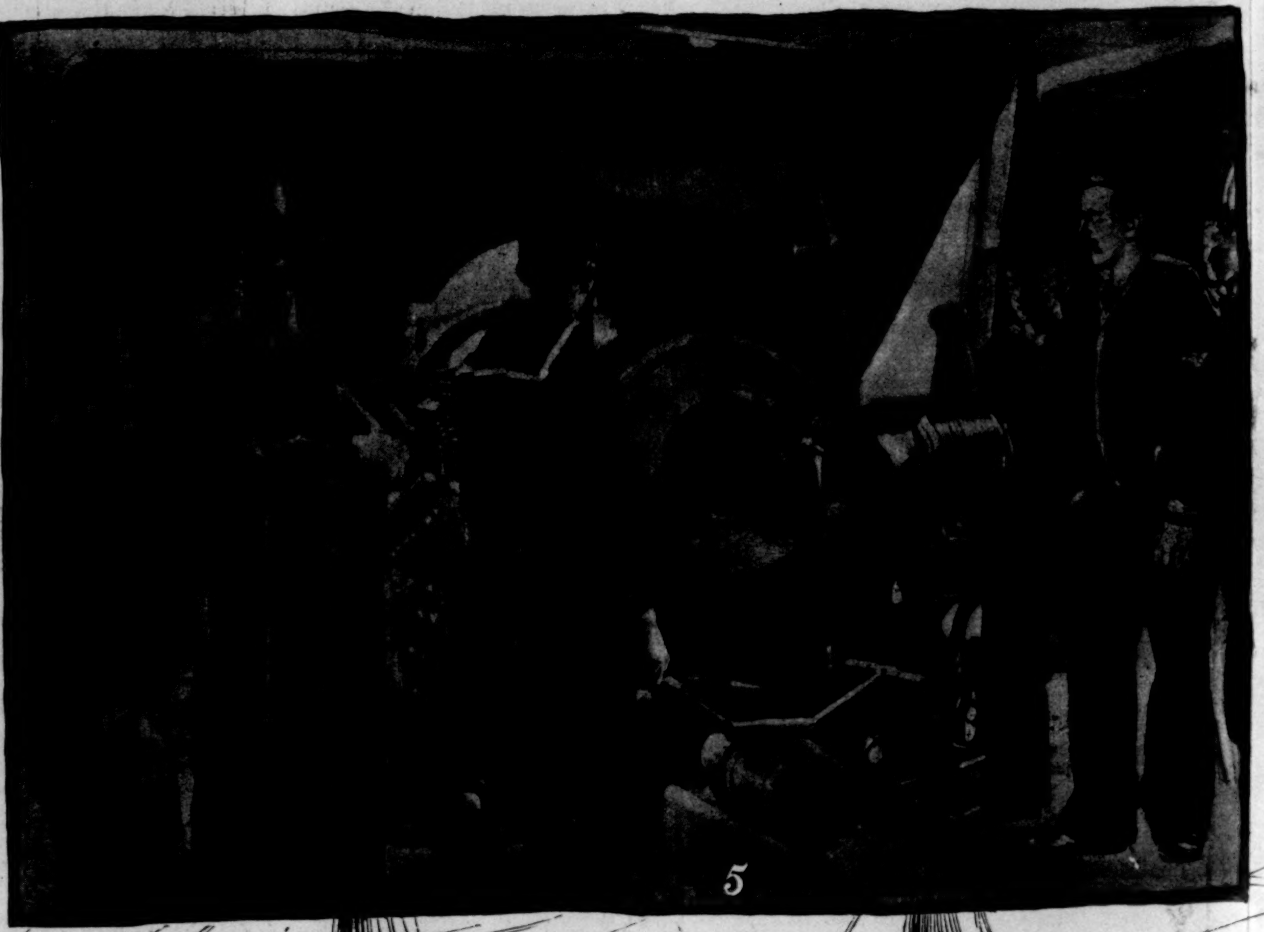
The regulation navy target is a pole, fifteen feet high, carrying a small flag at the top, and having canvas wings spreading ten feet at the bottom, and supported on a light raft, which is floated by empty casks. At a distance of fifteen hundred yards this makes a very small mark, but it was repeatedly struck by fragments of bursting shells, and three targets were, in the course of four days' firing, struck squarely and totally destroyed, while the plotting shows that scores of shots which did not touch the target passed within a few feet of the bull's-eye. Had the target been a ship of the size of the *Chicago*, presenting only her bow for a mark, it would have been struck by about sixty per cent. of the shots fired by all the ships in their four days of practice. Almost every shot was a nearly perfect line, the errors being all in elevation.

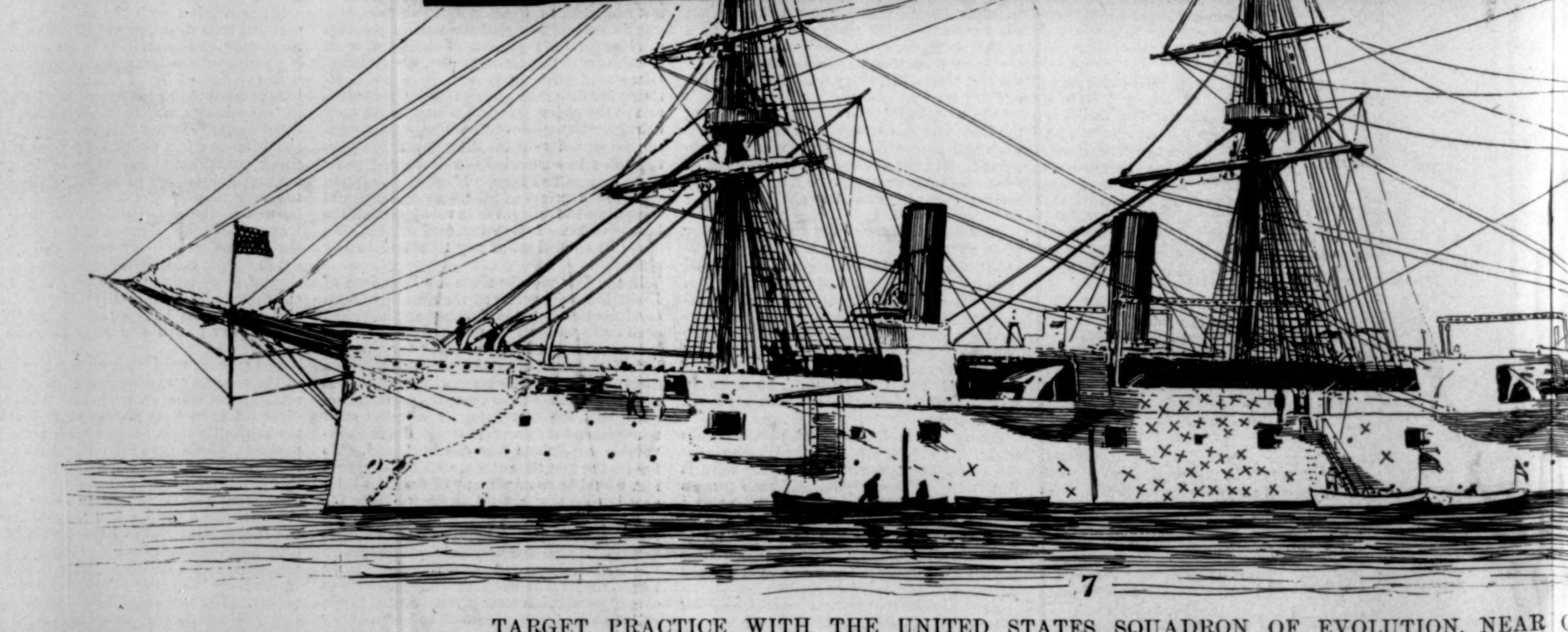
The scenes on board the ships during the firing were very animated. Every one was interested, eager, and more or less excited. When a particularly good shot was made, a murmur of applause ran around the ship; and when the target was destroyed by a shell striking and exploding squarely at the base of the staff, the murmur rose into a shout, and the gun captain who had made the shot became the hero of the ship. The regulations of the Navy Department for target practice require that the firing shall be as rapid as possible, and the interval of time between successive shots from any gun enters into the percentage of merit allowed for the shots. In this first firing by the squadron it was not thought well to bring in this time element, and all operations, but particularly that of pointing, were gone through with very deliberately. Nine rounds were fired from each gun of one broadside of the main battery, and twenty rounds from each machine and rapid-firing gun. Thus the *Chicago* fired two hundred and sixty-three shots, the *Boston* and *Atlanta* about the same number, and the *Yorktown* about half as many. Sixty-three of the *Chicago's* shots were from the main battery. Of these thirty-six are plotted in the accompanying picture as they would have struck her sides had the *Chicago* herself been the target.

In connection with the subject of target practice, tests were made of the arrangements for supplying ammunition to the guns. This is a matter of great importance in connection with rapidity of fire. Assuming that the 8-inch guns could be loaded, pointed, and fired in two minutes, and the 6-inch guns in half that time, it is found that the supply of ammunition can just about keep pace with the firing, but without any margin of time. The ammunition is kept in special magazines at the very bottom of the ship, and must be hoisted to the upper deck, and from there transported some distance to the guns. The shells come up in hemp slings, and the powder in copper tanks hermetically sealed. Inside of these tanks the powder is put up in cartridges of regular and symmetrical shape, and enclosed in bags which fit tightly over the powder grains and keep them in position.

The powder used with all the new guns is of the modern "slow-burning" kind, the essential point about which is that it burns and gives off gases very slowly at first, starting the projectile from its seat with a moderate pressure, which gradually increases until it reaches a maximum which is much below that given by the old and violent black powder. This low-maximum pressure is, however, sustained for a much longer time than the higher maximum of more violent powders, and thus more work is done upon the projectile and a higher velocity imparted to it, resulting in greater range and penetrative power. The difference in the action of the two powders is that between a push and a blow, the action of the slow powder representing the push.

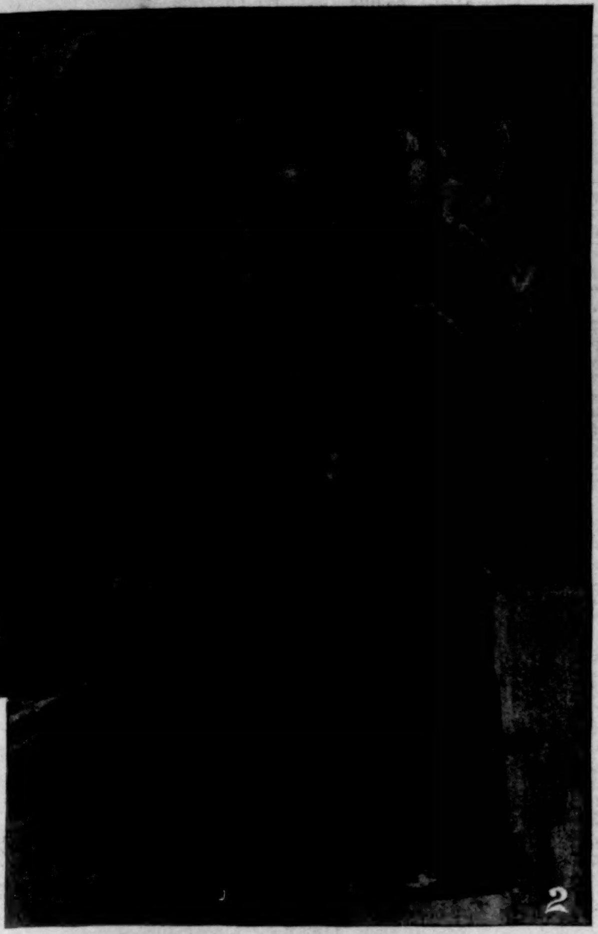


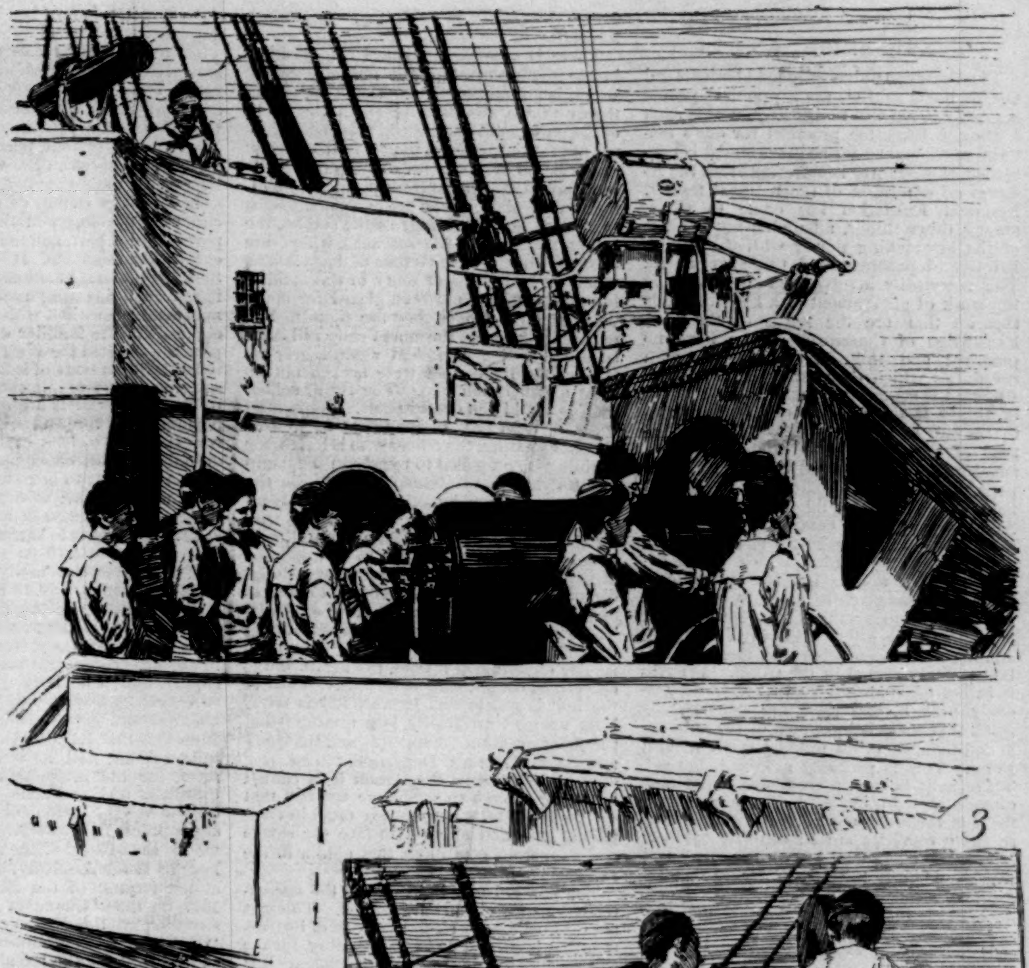




TARGET PRACTICE WITH THE UNITED STATES SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION, NEAR C

1. Aiming 6-inch Breech-loading Rifled Gun on "Yorktown." 2. Hoisting Ammunition for 8-inch Breech-loading Rifle on "Chicago." 3. Ready for Firing 8-inch Gun on "Atla
Impact of Sixty per Cent. of Shots from "Chicago's" Main Battery. 8. Hoisting out Impr





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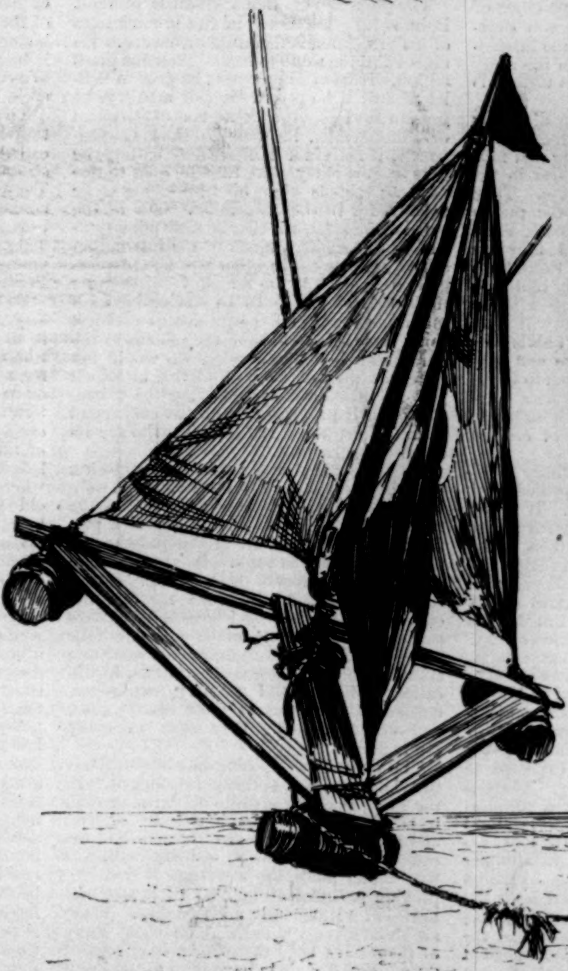
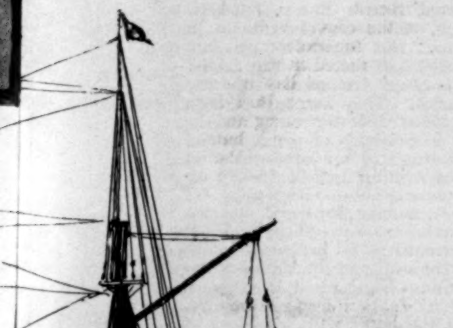




R CORFU.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Photographs taken on the Vessels of the Fleet.—[See Page 363.]

"Atlanta." 4. Form of Splash from 8-inch Shell. 5. Ready for Loading 8-inch Gun on "Chicago." 6. Ready for Firing Gatling-Gun. 7. Target Reproduced on Side of Vessel, showing nprovised Target to Replace one Destroyed. 9. Powder Charge for 8-inch Rifled Gun (125 Pounds).

THE WEST POINT MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE theory so universally held both abroad and at home that we are a practical people is greatly in need of revision. There is such a thing as being too practical for one's material good, and so far as government is concerned, this country is suffering from the *reductio ad absurdum* of the national theory. Practical legislation has come to mean, among other things, an undue interference of the law-making power with the administrative departments of the government. This necessarily involves the application to the work of government of a mass of crude theories that are the result of the half-knowledge of Congressmen who have no practical and intimate acquaintance with the duties which they undertake to direct. Among the greatest sufferers from this state of things is the military establishment; so that it may be truly said that this most practical of people has a theoretical army—a small body of men armed with ancient weapons, whose chances against fully equipped modern soldiers would be infinitesimal. And these troops are commanded by officers most of whom are graduates of the Military Academy, an institution which ranks deservedly high among kindred institutions, and which has given to us many admirable soldiers and many more first-rate scholars. All of us have a just pride in West Point, and we have been often told that it is the best military school in the world. Perhaps it is, but there are others that rank dangerously near it, and there are persons who think that there is too much of the academic and too little of the military spirit at West Point. This is probably a false judgment. There is, it is true, a creditable percentage of well-trained scientific men among the officers of the army, and there are a few whose soldierly qualities are subordinate to their science; but one who knows the army well would be hardly justified in saying that inordinate scholarship is the curse of the officers of the line. The intellectual and moral tone of the service is exceptionally high—higher than it ever was before. "Tom Burke of Ours" would find an American officers' mess in 1890 sadly lacking in fun, while Barry Lyndon would certainly regard some of our soldiers as poor-spirited creatures, with more head for books than stomach for fighting. The difference would be simply that between the gentlemen of the two adjoining centuries. Although life is governed and war is waged by scientific students on scientific principles, there has been no physical deterioration in the army, and there is quite as much fighting spirit and courage as there ever was. There has not been a finer-looking lot of cadets at West Point than those who may now be seen there. The books have not and will not hurt them, for the more books of the right kind that they know, the better soldiers will they be.

There is no doubt, however, that the Military Academy suffers from the causes that are so injurious to the whole service. Congress has undertaken the command of the army, with the result of making it as inefficient as the ability and ambition of its officers will permit. Congress is perfectly logical in its ruinous policy, for the school in which cadets are taught to be soldiers and officers is no more antique and obsolete in its military material than the army. It is a striking fact this, that all the elements and parts of the military service are suffering alike, not only from the non-possession of modern armament for constant daily use, but from absence of training in the implements which must be used familiarly whenever this country comes into hostile contact with another.

Every one who visits West Point during the months when the cadets are not in camp cannot but be delighted with its quiet academic atmosphere. A few sentinels, soldiers of the engineer corps, walk up and down the sidewalk here and there; a number of exceedingly ill-shapen men in outrageously dirty uniforms perform police and fatigue duties about the post. Officers and cadets make up the rest of the population of the place. These latter march to their meals, to recitation, and to the various tasks which are assigned to them. They go once a day, after their first year, to the riding-school, and are taught to ride and the cavalry drill.

The riding-school and its adjoining stables are characteristic of West Point. They have been unfortunately placed where they become the most offensive features of what is naturally one of the most charming landscapes in the country. The circular roof of the riding-school is a familiar object to every one who has gone up the river in the day boats. The building is of stone, and is without any ornamentation. The brick stables stretch out from it. They were once painted, but time and stress of weather have washed off much of the color, leaving only an impression of lightness. The little square unglazed holes are the only relief to a long, ugly, dirty wall. It is a disgrace to the government that such a beautiful spot should have been selected for such hideous disfigurement. The stables and the riding-school might have been hidden away, instead of being made a blot upon so fair a scene. It must have been a singular mind that selected the most conspicuous spot at the Point as the site for the most offensive structures; but in many respects we have a very singular government, and its eccentricities have manifested themselves in other respects than in the choice of the spot for the stables.

There is a severe and hard conservatism in the management of the public property which is not on the plain. Congress, on the theory that it knows more about the needs of the post than the officer in command, does not appropriate enough money for the proper preservation of all the property, and the consequence is that in taking care of the buildings on the plain, which are in constant sight of visitors, such buildings as the stables, the riding-school, and the barracks, which are under the hill, are the victims of decay. The windows in the upper story of the stables, for example, have not been glazed for many years, and the longer they are permitted to remain in this way, the more firmly will there be established a precedent against ever replacing the lights that were broken out almost a generation ago. The riding-school itself is a cold and dreary place. For several hours of each day, in inclement as well as pleasant weather, the officer who is instructor in riding is compelled to remain in the damp and unwholesome atmosphere. While the cadets are in rapid motion, his horse is almost motionless. During the fall and winter the last riding lesson does not end until long after dark, and it is not to be wondered at that severe colds, and sometimes malarial disorders, are accompaniments of a detail as instructor in cavalry tactics at West Point. There are many inconveniences also about the building, but this absence of heat, injuriously affecting, as it does, the health of the officer and cadets, is most serious. Whether the hall is not heated because it has never been warmed artificially, is a question that the Appropriation Committees and the Quartermaster-General's Department can best answer. Whatever the reason is, it cannot be strong enough to overcome the fact that the government is barbarously cruel in compelling men and animals to face the severe and dangerous conditions that obtain in the riding-school.

The hall is badly lighted, and the accommodations for visitors are absurd. The first is a decided drawback to the work of instruction that is carried on in the building, for the few strong electric arc-lights which hang low down in the centre of the apartment make the horses nervous, and distort objects and shadows to such an extent that they often add to the confusion of darkness. There is hardly a riding-school in the large cities of the country which is not in every way superior to that at West Point, where the instruction should be most serious, for in the army riding is a necessary and not, as it usually is elsewhere, a luxurious art.

The galleries for visitors are small affairs on the two long sides of the rectangular hall. They are sixty-five feet long and four feet wide, except for thirty-five feet in the centre, where they are ten feet wide. They do not begin to accommodate the public which is at West Point for the closing exercises of the academic year, and they are now supposed to be so weak that ropes have been rigged in the roof of the building, which may be made fast to the galleries in order to support them from above if they should chance to be too crowded. This is very like a good many other primitive and slipshod methods that must be resorted to in the army to make up for the deficiencies occasioned by the fact that the army from top to bottom is under the command of civilian politicians.

The main difficulty with the Military Academy, however, is the lack of professional training received by the cadets. It is not the purpose of this article to controvert the decision of the Academic Board as to the course of study pursued by the cadets. As I have said, there are some officers who think that books play too important a part in the education of the cadets. But there is no necessity to enter into this controversy. Moreover, the course, even in mathematics and philosophy, is not more advanced than that of the ordinary college, and is not, in general, equal to that of the leading universities. The cadet has an hour and a half of class-room work in the morning, and another hour in the afternoon. He is expected to study about five hours of the day. There is other instruction, of course, of a physical and professional nature. The cadet is taught fencing, dancing, and riding. He must exercise in the gymnasium, and in summer he must take lessons in swimming. He does guard duty, and he drills and parades. His mental work, however, ought not to be the burden to him that it is said to be, and the constant dropping out of cadets as deficient and unable to proceed with their classes can only be accounted for on the supposition that a majority of the young men who are appointed to the Military Academy must be exceptionally ill prepared for advanced instruction. There is no doubt, however, that the cadets who graduate in the upper half of their class are exceedingly well trained mathematicians, chemists, and engineers. They are masters of their branches of the military profession and of the kindred arts. They know how forts should be constructed, the most economical and effective methods of bridge and road building, how guns should be made and of what material. They know the economic questions that are incidental to the mechanical industries with which they must deal, as representatives of the government. They are familiar with the fundamental literature of their profession. The course is well enough, and its product, in some respects, is fine, but it confessedly does not make well-trained officers.

There are many reasons for this. In the first place, the government is instructing the future officers of its army, as it is training the army itself, with obsolete material and with insufficient equipment. The school at West Point turns out, perhaps, the best-drilled infantry corps in the world. It is a delight to see the cadets in the line of a procession. All the virtues of the marching machine are developed in them. Each one is perfect in his part, and the whole is a steady, orderly moving mass. It is not a machine in the sense that it is a mere controlled body, lacking in a self-directing intelligence; it is a human machine instinct with intelligence. Foreigners who are familiar with troops have repeatedly asserted the West Point Cadet Corps to be the finest body of infantry in the world, so far as their marching goes. And it ought to be, for the cadets are marching from the beginning to the end of their four years' course. At 6 o'clock in the morning the cadet falls in with his company at reveille; at 6.30 he marches to breakfast; at 7 he marches from breakfast; at 8 he marches to his section-room; at 9.30 he marches to fencing; at 10.5 he marches to barracks; at 1 he marches to dinner; at 1.40 he marches from dinner; at 2 he marches to his section-room; at 3 he marches back; at 4.15 he marches to drill, if the weather permits, and he drills until 5.30. In the fall the first, second, and fourth class men march to and from the riding-school in the afternoon. He marches to and from supper, and if he is on guard duty he has still more marching to do before he puts out his light and goes to bed. It is easy to see from this that the cadet ought to be a good infantryman; and he is also an admirable rider, for his instruction in equitation is thorough and excellent. Nevertheless, the cadet has very little drill in cavalry tactics, and still less in artillery. Professor Michie, who is at the head of the department of Philosophy at the Academy, in an opinion given at the request of the Board of Visitors of 1877, on the "Character and Scope of Instruction at the Military Academy," said: "But though our graduates may be regarded as equipped for the learning of their profession, they are by no means experts in any of the branches of the military art. Hence their professional improvement must be provided for in the army and under its direction."

The popular idea that a graduate of West Point is fully instructed in all the intricacies of his profession is therefore erroneous. He must continue to go to school after his graduation. If he is an engineer, he goes to Willets Point; if he is an officer of artillery, he goes to Fort Monroe; if he is a cavalryman or infantryman, he goes to Fort Leavenworth; if he is in a light-artillery battery, he goes to Fort Riley. At least he goes to one of these schools when his turn comes to be detailed for further education. One of the evils of the system is that he may not go until he has forgotten much of his instruction at the Academy. In other words, the post-graduate course is too remote from the preliminary training to be as serviceable as it might be made. If the graduates of West Point were sent at once to the schools of the various arms of the service, we would not have the present state of affairs, in which gray-haired officers are studying the principles of their profession from text-books, and from the lectures of the captains who are detailed as instructors.

The mistake of the public in supposing that the graduates of West Point are well-instructed soldiers is very natural. In the first place, the Military Academy is a professional school, and we are frequently told that it is of the first rank. Its graduates are commissioned officers of the army, because they have successfully gone through the course of the school and have taken its diploma. During their under-graduate four years, in addition to their purely academic studies, the cadets are taught tactics, fortification, ordnance and gunnery, explosives, mechanical manœuvres with heavy guns, and strategy, while they drill in every arm.

The drills in everything but infantry tactics, however, are entirely insufficient. In the first place, the plain is not large enough to admit of the thorough training of man and horse necessary in cavalry drill, and the same may be said of the artillery drill. In the second place, the government does not provide a sufficient number of horses, nor horses of a sufficiently good quality. There are about seventy horses in the stables. Many of them have been there for a long tour of duty. Some of them have been at the Point for fifteen or sixteen years. They are not of uniform color, and they are running down in quality. They are those that are left after the Quartermaster-General's Department has supplied the cavalry and light-artillery batteries. Some of them are big, and some of them are little. It is the custom to buy saddle-horses for the army in Missouri. This was once a very good custom, for a large number of excellent riding-horses were raised in the State. There is a terrible conservatism about military usages, however, to which there stand always as a monument the tales of sentries posted to guard snow-drops, sentry-boxes, etc., long after the objects of the guard had disappeared from the face of the earth. Missouri has been for many years growing to be more and more of an agricultural State, and saddle-horses have been giving place to other and bigger animals—Percherons and the like. Still, the government goes on buying saddle-horses in Missouri, just as it declines to reglaze the windows in the stables. When these horses, of various sizes and colors, are drawn up in line, they are far from presenting an attractive appearance to an exacting cavalry officer. To add to the discomfort of the officer who is in command of cavalry instruction, he no sooner has trained his horses to some degree of fitness for the needs of the cavalry than they are required for light-artillery drills, whereupon they are spoiled for the first purpose. It takes a long time to train a cavalry horse properly, for the horse and man are one soldier, a most complicated personality, and the drill of both, in order that the whole soldier may move to the command of the single human mind, must be long and arduous.

There are some officers who think that a single term of enlistment—five years—is not long enough to make a good cavalryman. If they are nearly right, it cannot be expected that West Point cadets, mounted on horses that can never be properly trained, themselves having only 200 hours of cavalry drill in a year, can become first-rate officers of horse troops without going through a training subsequent and supplementary to that which they receive at the Military Academy. Almost any one at all acquainted with the horse will recognize the inadvisability of compelling an animal who is wonted to bear burdens and to keep himself habitually well together, to drag about a heavy gun—a labor which involves the straining and spreading out of muscles and form which should be kept compact and collected. And yet Congress insists that its officers of cavalry shall be instructed with horses that are not and that cannot become trained to do the work which every efficient captain on the frontier demands of his troop. Besides this, the horses are not thoroughly well groomed, and their equipments are not neat and shining, as good soldiers insist that they should be. It was for some time the tradition that the cadet could not spare from his studies the time necessary to keep his cavalry accoutrements in good condition. Some improvement has been recently made in this respect. Whether or not the cavalry equipment is what it should be is difficult to say. Indeed, it would require a good deal of hardihood for a civilian to decide a difference of opinion between practical cavalry soldiers and the ordnance bureau which decides the trappings of the army horses. It may be that the time-honored bit of the service is precisely what is best. The men who sit at their desks in Washington say so; many of the men who sit in the saddle say that it is not.

The cadets learn in the army, and after they have gone away from West Point, what can be accomplished by long-continued, strenuous drill of man and horse together. They are given commissions, and put in command of men who have a much better practical knowledge of drill than they. This could be remedied by sending the young cavalry officers at once from West Point to Leavenworth or Fort Riley.

So far as the ordnance in use at the Military Academy is concerned, the same story is to be told as has been recited so many times of the army. Modern field-pieces have been recently issued to a light battery or two, and there is one gun of the new pattern at West Point. It is sometimes pointed out as an arm of which the American soldier of the future ought to possess some knowledge. Its abiding-place is in the museum, where there are samples of Gatling-guns, old field-pieces, Brown Besses, muskets, breech-loaders, and recent inventions in magazine guns. But the cadets who are destined to command the American soldier of the future are not instructed in the use of modern arms. They are, as has been averred, the finest infantry corps in the world, so far as precision of marching and of drill in the manual are concerned, but they are armed with Springfield rifles of the short cadet pattern, an excellent piece for target practice, barring its recoil, but too heavy and cumbrous for use in the field. It has been previously stated in these columns that an infantry soldier of the United States army, other things being equal, is only one-third as effective as a European infantryman, because the latter, with his piece of smaller calibre, carries three times the number of rounds of ammunition that are carried in the belts of our own troops. It may be said that in this respect, and in respect of field-pieces and heavier ordnance, the cadet is as well off as the officer of infantry or artillery. It is very true, more's the pity, that the American infantry is armed with rifles that must put it at a great disadvantage in contending with almost any modern foreign force; and that the American artillery might nearly as well be armed with catapults as with the Rodmans, Parrotts, old Napoleons, and 15-inch guns, that are about as destructive to those who fire them as to those at whom they are aimed. Nevertheless that is no reason why the cadets should be instructed with the ancient ballistas, as if the army was never to have modern breech-loaders. The existing evil is recognized. The country knows that the poverty of the army in respect of arms is to be relieved; that the ordnance corps is struggling out of the mediæval darkness in which it has been wandering for so many years; and while the corps will move slowly and with dignity, it will move. The army will wake up some morning and be surprised to find that it is

really armed and equipped after the fashion of modern troops.

Now that I am incidentally on the subject of the ordnance corps, I may as well narrate a tale which illustrates the opinion of the line of this scientific staff corps, which has not yet invented a breech-loading siege-piece or a magazine-rifle, but has inquired diligently and learnedly into the capacity of metals for transmitting zymotic diseases. It is generally known to those who are familiar with Detaille's and Neuville's pictures that European soldiers carry their rifles slung on their shoulders by a strap. Our own infantry officers have long endeavored to secure the adoption of this labor-saving device, and they assert that the only reason given by the ordnance corps for not agreeing to the change is that it would involve an expenditure of $20,000 for the necessary changes in the arsenal. However this may be, there is a strong feeling throughout the army that this corps is largely responsible for the present condition of affairs.

There is no doubt that we are to have modern arms in a short time. The navy is already in possession of them, and large sea-coast guns are in process of manufacture at the army arsenals. A field-piece has been adopted, and one of the guns is at West Point. But during all this long period of gestation the young officers who have been yearly coming into the army have been taught to manipulate and fire old muzzle-loaders. The mechanism of the new piece is different; the character of the ammunition is different; the drill is different. And yet all these considerations have not induced the government to purchase a sufficiency of modern arms for the education of the young officers who will soon be called upon to instruct the enlisted men. It is true, of course, that modern weapons differ from one another. How they differ may be seen from the few samples of European small-arms that are on exhibition at the West Point Museum. But the principle that governs all of them is the same, just as the same principle lies at the basis of all sewing-machines.

If the government had provided the Military Academy and the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, as it might have done many years ago, with batteries of modern ordnance, from the heavy sea-coast guns to light-battery pieces, and if at the same time the Academy and the Infantry School at Fort Leavenworth had been equipped with proper small-arms, there is hardly an officer of the army who would not now be ready to instruct his men in whatever weapons may be issued to the service. As it is, our officers' knowledge of modern arms is derived almost entirely from professional literature, while the graduates of the Military Academy are sent to their companies and batteries absolutely without any practical knowledge of the weapons of to-day.

An episode at the Academy will illustrate the utter carelessness of the government in respect to the character of the military education which is furnished to the cadets at West Point. Some years ago one of the old-fashioned guns of the siege battery bursted. Complaint was made, and the old battery was taken away, and replaced by guns of another pattern, still old-fashioned. Last spring, as had been anticipated, one of these guns bursted. By an extraordinary bit of good-luck no one was killed. The battery was taken away, and other guns were sent in their place. When they reached the Point, they were found to be the very guns that had been first removed as dangerous. It would be interesting to know whether the two batteries are to be used up at West Point by alternate burstings.

From what has been said, it follows that the West Point cadet, thoroughly drilled as a marching infantryman as he is, is not the well-trained soldier that he ought to be. Under existing conditions it is impossible that he should be a first-rate cavalryman or light-artilleryman. The government gives him neither the proper horses, equipages, nor guns. As a fighting man in command of other fighting men he is not what he ought to be. He is brave, intelligent, and well-disciplined, but he is not accustomed to the weapons with which war is now carried on. He is not like Hereward after Brain Biter was taken, but he is as weak as were Hereward's enemies when Brain Biter was doing service in the grasp of the last and greatest Englishman. In order to acquire all that the government can teach him he must take a post-graduate course; but even the advanced schools are without the implements for his education. Moreover, his education is not proceeded with at once. There is an interval of several years, during which he may forget a good deal of his preliminary scientific training. Crude and uninformed as he confessedly is, he is sent at once to the command of men, knowing nothing of the character of soldiers, having been taught little of the spirit which should actuate and govern those who are set above and placed in control of their fellow-creatures.

We now come to the point of contact between the Military Academy and one of the grossest vices of the service. Most of our enlisted men are laborers, and there is no doubt that many desertions are caused by the undue amount of fatigue and police duty which are demanded of the private soldier. We have no corps, with its distinctive uniform, for the performance of laborers' tasks at posts; such corps as exist in foreign armies. The cleaning up of the grounds, repairs to buildings, and all the little details of laborer's work are done by the men of the ranks. The duties of the enlisted man may be divided in the following order:

First. Guard, fatigue, and police duty. The soldier must walk his post, keep the paths clean, the grass cut, the gardens weeded, the flower beds in order, the buildings and fences in good condition, the fires bright, the ashes and dirt dumped in convenient places, and the slops emptied. He must be man and maid of all work, and sometimes he must be cook or mechanic.

Second. He must go to a primary school during his first enlistment.

Third. He may be drilled in company movements if he has time. Occasionally, very occasionally, he may find himself in a battalion. Once a year he shoots at a target with a Springfield rifle that kicks his shoulder black and blue. Until recently he shot with this even though he was a cavalryman, whose arm is a carbine. Another piece of luck is an opportunity that some of the regulars now enjoy, of going into camp with militia.

So a United States soldier finds that he must do the guard duty and labor required at a post and go to school. His military duties are incidental.

Is all this to be charged to Congress? Not all directly, but most directly, and all indirectly. An overgrown staff of officers, who have not served with troops for many years, is responsible for some of these evils, but then this staff is made necessary by civilian control of the army. There ought to be a corps of laborers, as well as fewer posts, and if there were, we should hear less discussion of the subject of desertions in the annual reports of the Major-General in command of the army, of the Adjutant-General, and of the Secretary of War. At the Military Academy the system of turning soldiers into laborers is carried to its utmost extent. With the exception of the engineer company, all the enlisted men are laborers, and nothing else. These engineer soldiers are as good men as can be found in any army in the world. They are enlisted after a personal correspondence between them and the captain of the company, and after a month's trial on their part of the life of the soldier at the post. They do the guard duty, and assist the cadets in practical engineering work, such as bridge-building, etc. They are the only real soldiers with whom the cadet comes in contact. There are two other detachments of enlisted men—one of cavalry and the other of artillery. The artillerymen are no more like soldiers than a gun-carriage is like a captain of cavalry. Recently, when the Pan-American delegates made a visit to West Point, some of the sailors and marines of the *Yorktown* went ashore. It was a striking and interesting lesson that will not soon be forgotten by those who saw it, the contrast between two or three of this artillery detachment—ragged, slouchy, covered with the dirt of their work, hands in pockets, blouses unbuttoned—and the neat and soldierly marines. The artillerymen work at all sorts of odd jobs, and receive extra-duty pay. The cavalrymen are hostlers. They go to work earlier and knock off later than the artillerymen. They do not receive extra-duty pay, and hence there is much dissatisfaction. They do not know why the government should not pay as much for cleaning, harnessing, and occasionally exercising horses, as it pays for driving carts, sweeping roads, or doing other chores about the grounds. Probably no one could give the reason. This discontent does not often lead to desertions, because the enlisted men at West Point are bound to the neighborhood by domestic ties. They are not apparently discouraged from marrying, and Highland Falls, the neighboring village, is made up of the enlisted men of the two detachments who are married and have children. Often service in these detachments becomes the vocation of the male members of the family, and the uniform descends from father to son. The practical result is that these soldiers—for their enlistment entitles them to the name—are very good specimens of the country laborer, whose incapacity to rise higher has been transmitted from generation to generation. The number of married men in the detachments may be judged from the fact that recently of the 67 cavalrymen, only 38 lived in barracks, and of the 130 artillerymen, 30 were in barracks. My space does not permit a description of these barracks. Suffice it to say they are unfit to live in. These men are not set up nor drilled to any extent, nor required to keep themselves and their uniforms clean, because the nature of their work is incompatible with neatness. Many of them do not know how to salute their officers. In the winter they slouch around the post, their general offensiveness being increased by the musk-rat caps which are issued to the troops in the blizzard region for protection of sentinels from the extreme cold weather.

It is true that the work which these men do is necessary, and it cannot be intrusted to citizens, who might easily break up the discipline of the post, because they could not be punished by the military authorities for aiding the cadets to violate the regulations. The fact, however, that the work must be done does not compel the absence of all soldierly enlisted men except the single company of engineers, nor is there any reason why there should not be established a distinctive corps of enlisted men for laborers' duty.

If the cadets are to come in contact with enlisted men, they should see the kind of soldiers whom they will command after their graduation, for notwithstanding the evils of service in the United States army, its soldiers who remain with it are, as a rule, excellent, self-respecting men. The cadet in time will command such men, and in learning how to be an officer it would be well for him to acquire a knowledge of the kind of human nature he will be called upon to deal with and direct. It is the testimony of some graduates of West Point that after their experience with the detachments at the Military Academy, they were greatly surprised on reaching their posts to find what soldiers really are.

Notwithstanding all these afflictions of which it is the victim, the Military Academy is a school of which the country may be proud. Its professors and instructors are able and enthusiastic. But they can never make it a first-rate military school until we have a first-rate army. In other words, until the civilian politicians turn over the command to the soldiers, to whom it belongs.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

HUNTING THE JACKAL IN INDIA.

"THE gridiron jump" is one of the many expressions that have been incorporated into the English sporting vocabulary by those whom duty, business, or pleasure has caused them, for a time at least, to make their home in India. The fox-hunter who knows Leicestershire, Cheshire, and Ireland, is impressed with the idea that he has topped or jumped every obstacle in the chase. The generality have not attempted a chalk-pit, though some unwillingly have, and landed safely. It is on the plains of India that his experience is enlarged.

In most of the large garrison towns there are packs of hounds imported from England that give to the sport-loving Briton a not bad substitute for the chase he loved so well in the old country. There are no foxes certainly, but the jackal is brought into requisition, and a right good run he gives. It is only after the rainy season is over that the hunting begins. The large paddy fields have been cleared of their rice crops, and the corn in the higher lands cut and harvested. The meet is always with sunrise, and there is generally a large "field." Soon the hounds are on the scent of some jackal that till early morning was prowling round the cantonment. The "going" is by no means pasture or even plough. The ground, baked hard by the heat, has opened out into cracks, and here and there, where one least expects it, some treacherous hole sends pony and rider "to grass."

The Indian ryot, or farmer, is dependent for his crops on irrigation, and small canals intersect the field. It is when three of these running parallel are met with that the rider has to negotiate "a gridiron." An "in and out" is not an uncommon obstacle to meet with when hunting in England. It consists of a ditch, a bank, and a ditch beyond. It wants a clever horse and a steady rider to come "out" all right, for, as the animal lands on the bank, it must immediately leap again to clear the further ditch. In "the gridiron" there is the extra jump, for there are three ditches and the two inner banks, that only allow of enough room for the spring. The least mishap in landing sends horse and rider into the further canal.

Ponies and galloways only are used in India for hunting purposes. The former either Arabs or Australian "Walers," with occasionally polo ponies imported from England. The galloways are Indian bred. Of these undoubtedly the Arabs are the best, as is shown by their winning most of the sporting prizes. These useful cobby ponies, always hog-maned and docked, soon learn how to get in and out of "a gridiron," though of course there is many a mishap. The "gridiron" is one of the peculiarities of the steeplechases that always form a chief feature of the "gymkhana," a medley of sports, both for officers and men, that ever and anon enliven the monotony of a tropical garrison life.

A GREAT OPERATOR.

WE must characterize Mr. B. P. Hutchinson, of Chicago, as "Hutch." His birth and baptism, mortgages and certificates are recorded Hutchinson, but he is world-known otherwise. "Hutch" was trained in New England, and in his youth went West, and succeeded there by reason of his pluck and energy. He "grew up with the country," and made for himself all that could be made from the early development of a Western city—of Chicago. To succeed thus is to succeed as a matter of course; it is to make the most of the opportunities. Anticipating the requirements of a growing community, "Hutch" early allied himself with the enterprises to provide them. He was a pioneer in the pork-packing industry of the West, and active in establishing a business that profited by his foresight and ability. He is not to be regarded as phenomenal because he has made so much money; he is rather to be regarded as an expression of a force. He had judgment, the instinct of industry, audacity, and grit, and now at sixty-three these qualities remain unimpaired.

"Hutch" is striking in appearance. Tall, erect, with a deep sunken eye that takes in everything, with a memory that forgets nothing, he moves about the Chicago Board of Trade seemingly isolated from every member, but the most aggressive factor in it. He dresses in black, is seldom seen without his felt hat, and when in repose reminds one of President Lincoln as he appeared in 1861.

A speculator, such a one as "Hutch" is—for he long since neglected his more legitimate business—must possess superior discernment, nerve, and be able to command the best information. Operations in products are conducted on what seem to be the most reasonable grounds, with a fine calculation for chances. While the factors of demand and supply establish the tendency of values for a long-run, the constant interruption in the movement toward higher or lower prices results in fluctuations, of which it is the province of the speculator to take advantage. "Old Hutch" is skilled in counter operations against the well-laid plans of other clever speculators, and he delights in leading in an action contrary to the apparent logic of the situation.

When he is not in the pit trading, "Hutch" may be found seated in an old-fashioned chair near the telegraph office. To him come brokers for orders, messengers with telegrams, and operators for "points." He seems to enjoy the position which he occupies among his fellow-members, and he delights in the mystery with which he is regarded. The study of human nature and its effect upon speculative markets is his pastime. When news becomes current which is likely to affect the wheat market, he rises from his chair—which remains unoccupied until he returns—steps upon the wheat pit, and surveys the crowd for a few minutes. He observes buyers and sellers. One set of brokers trades for local speculators, another for "the country," and another for New York. If the news be of a character that causes an advance—news of higher European markets, export sales at the seaboard, reports of crop damage, all of which he has been duly informed by his correspondents—he is interested to know when it shall have exhausted its effect. He notes every trade as the buying progresses, and in an opportune moment he begins to sell, and from that time seems willing to supply any further demand.

"What's bid for May wheat?" he asks.

"A half," shouts a dozen brokers.

"Boys, here's my card. Take what you want at a half, and put it down yourselves. I've no pencil."

Bulls become disappointed; the bears are jubilant with such a powerful recruit, and telegrams go in every direction announcing the fact that "'Hutch' is selling." Sometimes the markets do not respond to his operations. Nobody knows that he wishes them to. Nobody knows whether he is selling what he bought on previous information, or whether he is "selling short." He may have bought the day before in New York or St. Louis or in his own market, through brokers who received their orders from him by way of Liverpool—the Chicago brokers often receive their information by the way of Liverpool. In the early part of this decade there were some clever brokers who predicted that they would send "Hutch" "around with a hand-organ and a monkey"; but the perversity of time finds these same brokers in frayed coats lounging in luxurious "bucket shops," while "Hutch," like the stream, "goes on forever."

DISCRIMINATING.

"How much are your oranges, my little man?"
"Ten cents, sir."
"What—apiece?"
"No sir; a whole un."

"SUZANNE ET LES VIEILLARDS."—ENGRAVED BY CH. BAUDE FROM THE PICTURE BY BROUILLET, IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1890.

THE PAVILION, JACKSON PARK, CHICAGO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 372.]

IN THE BUSH.

THERE was a considerable extent of rock-maples two miles west of Claridon, which every spring yielded to Gilbert Custin and Levi Holmes, who owned it, a good part of their moderate farming incomes; old neighbors and friends, they had joined in more than one modest partnership enterprise. All the year the great sugar bush stood in gloomy idleness, except when old trees were felled and hauled off, but in the early spring it bestirred itself throughout, and seemed to send up the smoke of its sugar-boiling fires in token of its satisfaction.

In its heart its owners worked together on a March day whose stillness was warmish and whose breeze was sharp. The rough sheds, which stood from year to year, where the sugar was boiled and panned, and where the workers passed a night at the height of the season, were at a sociable distance of a few rods. A man was likewise busy at either end of the bush; here the owners took the yield at first hand.

Levi Holmes, who was the younger, was the slower worker. He was a good-looking fellow in the thirties, largely built. He went through his routine steadily enough; bringing in the sap, two great pails at a time, emptying and replacing them; replenishing the fire with gathered brush, stirring and testing the fragrant, bubbling contents of the huge kettle slung over it; finally ladling the boiled-down syrup into divers sized and shaped pans standing ready along a board.

But Levi stopped now and then, looking and listening with a dawning half-smile, not wholly alive to the poetry of the spot, yet not dead to it. There, under the branching trees, it was not spring yet, but it was not winter. No new grass disturbed the matted dead leaves, but moss patches were getting green. The air was full of sound, mostly of a clicking nature—the rattle of old leaves in the wind, the tapping of woodpeckers, the clink of the near creek under its thawing ice; with now and again, far off, that sound which is like the voice of the woods—the explosion of a gun. Seeing a squirrel scuttling over a branch, Levi was young enough to take experimental aim along his arm. He had already scouted a pursy woodchuck, and had called out to Gilbert, "Golly, I wisht I had a dog!"

"We're making sugar, ain't ketching woodchucks," Gilbert had returned. He was so hard at work that the sweat beaded his forehead. Being of small physique, he toiled with nervous energy. What Levi did with slow ease he puffed and panted over. He was red and hot, and had opened his collar. Bringing in the sap buckets he had the appearance of being dragged along by his too great load; for convenience in stirring his kettle he stood on a block of wood in seeming peril of falling in. He was soot-blackened, dishevelled, and blown.

"I'm hungry enough to eat out the hull business," said Levi, when his partner ranged near. He sat on a stump, correcting a defective spile with his jack-knife. Gilbert did not pause in his rattling retreat with four emptied buckets.

They had provisions to last till the next afternoon. "Being out-doors this time of year makes me keener'n a bear," said Levi.

"Eat what you want. *I* don't want nothing," was Gilbert's rejoinder. His tone was snappy. Slow by nature, what would have struck another some time back caused Levi his first stare at that instant.

His large red hands came down on his knees. "W'y, Gib, what's the rumpus?" he queried. His ready smile twitched his mouth. Gilbert was notably "quick"—quick to anger and quick to recovery—and in his conscious blamelessness he awaited the new development tranquilly.

Gilbert scratched up some fuel in a silence whose hostility was now clear. Levi's smile grew with his curiosity. He pushed his old soft hat to a corner of his head.

"Come, now, what's riling you, Gib?"

"I warrant you know," said Gilbert, with dry resentment; "or you ought to." He went and poked and built up his fire, held his ladle dripping over the kettle a minute, and returned with added soot marks. He sat down uncomfortably on a high tree root and folded his arms. "Or you ought to," he repeated, with the voice and air of severity and challenge.

Levi gaped, and the older, smaller man eyed him.

"I've let it go along, Levi," he started, nervously hitching, "because I hain't wanted to *say* a word. I hain't really known how to. I never had no such a word to say. It's on Sally's account I'm saying it. Being her brother, I'm her protector; she hain't any other. It's ben noticed and spoke of, and it's time I told ye. You hadn't ought to force me *to* it. You'd ought to known your intentions and out with 'em. You've ben coming to our house for a long time stiddy. I wish to ask what your intentions be?"

Levi twisted slowly round till he faced his accuser, who all at once looked to him like somebody he had never seen before. His inquiring grin died away, his jaw dropped. Under the strife of his emotions, which were dumfounded amaze, a sense of ludicrousness, and struggling deprecation, his face expressed none of them, but was vacuous. He was afraid to laugh, but he gave explosive vent to his familiar expletive, "Golly!"

"I say it's ben noticeable," said Gilbert.

Had Levi been shrewder he might have been touched. Gilbert sat fairly rigid with the strain of his effort. His small blue eyes stared and blinked; one hand clutched his grayish chin whiskers. Never self-confident, he was embarrassed now to the point of misery. But seriousness stamped him, anxiety, worriment.

"What's ben noticeable?" said Levi.

"The way you've ben coming to our house," Gilbert repeated, wetting his lips. "Hain't you ben coming two or three years stiddy? What you ben coming for?"

Levi whistled. Astonishment gave his eyes a childish roundness.

"Sometimes," said Gilbert, "you've come twice a week, and sometimes you've ben more. You've ben 'most every Sunday. You ain't a fool, be you? What do you s'pose folks are saying?"

"I don' know." Levi dropped his chin in his hands and planted his feet toes inward. "You're crazy as a loon."

A slow red rose in the little man's cheeks. "That all you got to say?" he demanded. "I've got the right to ask. That all you intend to say?"

"W'y Gib, there hadn't such an idea come into my head," Levi gasped. "W'y, she's older'n I be, Sally is. Older'n you, ain't she?" The image of Sally Custin rising before him, he slowly chuckled.

"Laff!" said Gilbert, warmly. "What you laffing at?"

"I tell you," said his partner, with sobered desperation, "I hain't had a sign of no such a thought. I've run in to be neighborly; so've I run in to the Clarks' and the Searles'. Since Clara died I've felt lonesome, and got into the way of going round so. It took my mind off, along to the first," said Levi, his face twitching. "I've always felt to home to your house, Gib, and I've come and ben thankful. I s'posed I was welcome. I hain't come with no such object; now I hain't, Gib."

Gilbert squirmed on his seat. Levi's guilelessness was fuel to the flame of his ire. "Then you'd better staid away," he snapped. "Hain't you got common-sense? You've come there to my house and set round, and talked and played cards and checkers, and et supper time and agin. The neighbors have ben in and found you there often *enough*. If you hain't wanted nothing, then you'd better staid to home."

Levi gulped. "I hain't ben thinking of gitting married, Gib," he said, humbly. "Clara hain't ben dead but three years."

It did not give his censor pause. His little eyes sparkled wrathfully.

"Mebbe you hain't," he said; "but you don't git me to believe it. It's that Tyler girl; you want George Tyler's girl. You're after *her*. I've ben told it."

The poor fellow who heard him grew red with a painful slowness, which was like a strangulation. To his own shy consciousness the dawning idea had been alarming; confronted with it in this wise it seemed an enormity, a crime. He struggled for his voice.

Grasping his knees in his arms, Gilbert looked glaringly across them. "Go ahead! Do as you're a mind to. But don't you come hanging round to *my* house no more. You hear that?"

Levi struck his knife into the stump between his legs. "I hadn't any suspicion you was such a fool," he ejaculated, simply. "W'y, it's ridiculous. There hain't nobody but you had no such a notion, Gib. You ought to know it. Where under the heavens did you scare it up? Tell it to anybody, and they'd laff. W'y—"

Gilbert arose. Grotesque in his angry heat, his disarray, and his sootiness, he had yet the dignity of honest wrath. "I know what folks are talking," he declared. Small-volumed at best, in excitement and anger his voice rose shrill. "I know what's ben circulated. There ain't but one thing to think, and folks have thought it, and now you set there and laff at the idea. You've ben underhanded, I'm free to tell ye. You needn't 'a' come hanging on. Knowing you didn't mean nothing, nobody 'd wanted ye. You've ben mean and sneaking. Nor I don't want nothing more to do *with* ye! I've had my last word with ye."

Sputtering and swelling, he turned and stumped away so hard as to plough a track in the dead-leaf carpet.

Thereafter the first thing that struck Levi clearly was the evening song of a robin, that tincture of all spring-like sounds. He had the feeling which a shock imparts that activity was going to wait at a stand-still till he should repossess himself. He sat for some time following Gilbert's distant movements with a blank stare, his lips fallen apart. Resentment had no appreciable share in his sensations. Had Gilbert spoken to him again, he would have responded as usual. He waited, in the expectant hope that he would, and once or twice opened his lips to speak first. Reaching out at extreme tension, as though fastened to his stump, he drank the contents of a two-gallon pail newly placed, and sat waiting still. Finally, since a far view of Gilbert's back was all his gaze conjured, he got up, and went back to his shed.

The syrup seethed thick and low in his pot, filling the air with its redolence. By the time he had transferred it to the pans and accomplished the refilling of the kettle, in the thick-grown spot it was almost dark.

He stood looking around in a lonesomeness not born of the dim solitude, but heightened by it. There was no moon, but the branches showed against a clear sky. The air was growing sharper; before long the drip of the sap would cease, for it would freeze yet again; already the sound of the brook was lessening as the ice thickened. Bird notes were short and crooning; quiet deepened with the darkness.

He had forgotten his hunger, but he presently got out his provisions, and, sitting down in the light of the fire, ate something. He remembered how last year he and Gilbert had sat thus and eaten together; he recalled how Gilbert had fallen into reminiscences of the time he had gone out West selling fruit trees, and how his cackling laugh had accompanied them.

He stepped out and peered through the shadows. Gilbert might have been forty miles away. The light of his fire was indistinctly visible, but there was no sound. Levi stood and hopelessly stared at it.

One thing was a sharp regret: that he had not put forth against Gilbert's tirade the certain fact that plain, angular, peaceful Sally Custin had thought as little of marrying him as had he of marrying Sally; that with her literal mind beholding him as a boy, she had gone out to him in some sort maternally. He tried vainly to muster courage to go and say it to Gilbert now.

His mood was solemn. He saw the drollery of Gilbert's attack no longer, or he could not smile at it. He realized only that Gilbert had quarrelled with him and put their friendship to an end, and the fantastic unreason of the cause did not lighten his keen sorrow. He stood there in the sharp night, with a forlorn blur in his eyes, till he shivered, and then he went in, and pulled out his blankets by the fire and lay down.

Toward morning Gilbert Custin awoke. To shut out the cold night he had ranged boards along the open side of the shed, and the little hut was warm, though only sparks of his fire remained.

The cry of a young owl, like the plaint of a human being in strange distress, fell on his ear, the more weird for being far off. Through a crack in the roof and through the overhanging tree a high star made itself visible. As his eyes roved further, aimlessly searching the darkness, Gilbert sat up.

Low down, the spaces between the set-up boards shone with a bright light. With a panic-stricken notion that the woods were on fire, Gilbert knocked them down. But the light was small, and blackly barred by the trunks of intervening trees. In the stillness he could hear its crackle, and against the early dusk could see every spark as it rose. The sight and sound and a smell of burning sugar which struck him turned him pale and sick with fright. Levi's shed was afire.

He ran out, tightening his loosened clothes as he ran, and sending a hoarse shout ahead. Pushing his frantic way among the trees, he bumped into them in the darkness, stumbled once and fell, and dragged a cumbering dead limb on with him. Already his slender strength was tremulously oozing; when he reached the flaming structure he was shaking from head to foot and panting.

An end of the shed still waited for the flames, and he wrenched it away. Within, all was hot and glaring, and so dense with smoke and the choking fumes of the burning sugar that the little man fell back.

Then he shut his mouth tight over chattering teeth and pressed in. Breathing was not possible, and he was so blinded that no object but the flames was visible. He fell on his knees and groped for Levi. Nothing but the heated ground met him, till his hand touched a dead ember of the fire in which the conflagration had found rise. The tripod fallen, he saw the kettle and the scorching sugar-cakes and the melting tins uniting in a common ruin. Beyond them he saw Levi lying with head thrown back and arms extended.

He stretched out and clutched him. He shook him. But Levi lay loggy. Scrambling to his feet then, he gripped him under the arms to drag him away.

It was a labor almost beyond his strength. In its unconsciousness Levi's heavy form was an overpowering weight. A strong man might have puffed over the effort; Gilbert strained convulsively. He felt as though his back was breaking, and his short arms coming out of their sockets; his head throbbed and buzzed. He knew not whether or no he was burned; he was in pain all over. The smoke stung and stifled him, and he felt the near heat of the fire. He feared the roof might fall in, and he labored on, staggering, till he had hauled his burden fairly out of the shed.

In the cold air he jolted him and shouted in his ear; then snatched a sap bucket, and tore down to the creek. He knew he was burned somewhat; his hand smarted, his eyes stung, and his wrist had a painful wrench. Stumbling back, he sprinkled Levi's face. The shed fell together, and lay a waning fiery heap. When Levi opened his eyes, Gilbert was sitting with folded arms and blinking at him.

"Your shed ketched a-fire and burnt up," he said, in a tart voice. "What did you go to sleep leaving things helter-skelter for? Fire going hard, likely. It's jest an accident 't you wa'n't burnt up to a cinder."

Levi sat up. "Did you git me out?" he gasped, wiping his wet face.

"You s'pose I was going to set and see you roast alive?" said Gilbert, shortly. He was ill at ease, and kept his smoke-inflamed eyes on the smouldering mass of the shed.

"You got burnt," cried Levi.

Gilbert had his hand in the water pail. He gave a high-keyed cough and took it out. The early dawn was broadening to a paler gray. Such feathered life as had fluttered over the spot in cheeping flusteration settled down again. It was as though the fire had been a whimsical freak of the dryads.

Levi fingered his tremulous lips. Overflowing, his honest heart would have poured itself out to another, but to Gilbert he was half afraid to utter a word.

"Gib," he said, huskily—"Gib, I'm sorry if I've done—ben— Gib, I'll marry her if you think I better; I'll marry her if you say so. I'd jest as lief as not, if you say so."

Gilbert went and poked in the ruins of the shed. Of a slow enlightenment and chagrin which sober thought had wrought in his own inflammable mind he could no more have spoken than he could have flown. He sent back a sharp response.

"You must 'a' been fairly calculating to burn things up, way you left 'em. Marry who you're a mind to. I don' know as Sally'd want ye. I should be against it for one," under the stress of his commotion he asserted. "We'll have to git this kettle set up and go right along; this sugaring can't be stopped for a piece of carelessness. I wouldn't 'a' thought a child could done it."

EMMA A. OPPER.

THE BOWERY THEATRES.

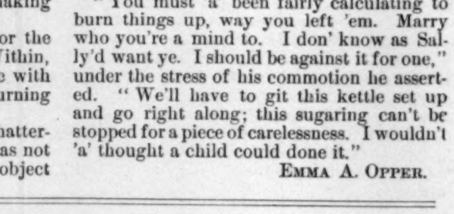
ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. KEMBLE.

To one who desires to study the popular taste in drama, the Bowery has been for many years an inviting field. It is so still, though the glory of the elder days has faded, and will probably never be renewed. In our fathers' days of play-going on this street, then beautiful and even fashionable, it saw the great theatrical successes of the New World. Here Forrest played, and the elder Booth, the elder Wallack, his son James Wallack, and the lately deceased Lester Wallack, Proctor, Burton, F. B. Conway, E. L. Davenport, and Charlotte Cushman. To-day the stars, as famous in their own circles as their predecessors were, are William Dulaney and Edward Marsden, both veterans who played with the former stars, Charles Seabert, Morris Pike, James Tighe, Edith Crolius, Alfred Wallace, and Mamie Wallace. Highly as they are rated by their admirers, they shine in a narrower orbit than the others.

The attraction to the stranger who visits the Bowery to-day lies in the audience and the surroundings, rather than in the play. This last is invariably melodrama or some variety of the border drama, so called, and must, to meet the views of its patrons, reek with gore. Four or five persons might be killed in the course of an old-time play, but from ten to forty lives must be sacrificed at each performance now.

The scene is changed with all else. The Old Bowery Theatre, for many years the chosen resort of the east side play-goer, after the higher class of plays had ceased to "draw," is no longer the typical theatre of this class. The real Bowery houses now are the National, the Oriental, and, on occasions, the London Theatre.

They are always well patronized, and when the play is particularly strong a crowd will gather on the sidewalk before the doors are open. It is a rough crowd, though orderly enough in its own boisterous way. There are newsboys, factory hands, a few colored



THE ENTRANCE.

SOME OF THE AUDIENCE.

"SAY, BOSS, GIVE ME AND MY PAL TEN CENTS' WORTH."

persons, an occasional Chinaman, and many Germans, some of whom bring their families. This is the gallery audience, and they are as powerful as ever in determining the fate of a play or an actor. Woe to the aspirant who fails to please the "gods of the gallery"! He is hissed and jeered with the same hearty fervor with which the favorite is applauded, and seldom succeeds in winning favor after he has failed at first. On one occasion not long ago, one unfortunate, embarrassed by hisses, dropped his sword on the stage, and the star, not sorry to join in the guying, picked it up, and asked, "What will I do with it?" "Stick him with it!" yelled a boy in the gallery, and the audience cheered at the suggestion.

In the gallery the seats are ten and fifteen cents apiece, none being reserved. After this part of the house is filled the other doors are opened, and the more aristocratic portion is occupied, at from twenty to thirty-five cents a seat, by mechanics, shop-girls and their escorts, and small tradesmen and their families. They are equally appreciative with the gallery audience, and, according to their standard, are remarkably well behaved. No habitué of one of these theatres will make a disturbance, though the men all smoke during the play, cigarettes, pipes, and the worst of cigars being deemed legitimate indulgences. Whether they are served with drinks or not in their seats depends on the strictness with which the police are enforcing the excise laws at the time. Should the city be undergoing one of its occasional spasms of official rectitude, no beer is served; otherwise it flows freely, and stronger drink may be had on ordering. Beer, however, is the favorite beverage, and little strong liquor is called for. Other refreshments are served also, and there is a steady demand for pea-nuts, pretzels, and German confectionery of various kinds, with which the gentler sex regale themselves.

No canon of social ethics operates to suppress or even subdue the most outspoken criticism of the play, whether it be favorable or otherwise. If the former, it is expressed with hands, feet, and voice, and the noise of the cheering is sometimes almost deafening when the fancy of the audience is caught. This may happen when anything of excellence is presented, whether it be a speech of high and platitudinous virtuous sentiment, or a scientific blow from the hero's shoulder that sends the villain headlong to the boards, a song by the heroine, a desperate bowie-knife fight, or a skilled shot with a revolver. Bouquets and flowers are unknown as expressions of popular favor.

If, on the other hand, offence is given, the noise is equally great and less pleasant. Cat-calls and hisses of almost superhuman vigor are easily evoked, and not easily stilled. What social ethics fail to accomplish, however, is commonly attended to in the gallery by "the officer." The special officer who maintains among the upper seats what passes for good order is one of the interesting sights of the place. He is commonly some burly ruin of humanity, who may have been on "the force" for years, and who has all the importance of bearing that belongs to a brand-new policeman. He is always reasonably sober when on duty, and carries in his hand a stout rattan, so curled at the end that no mischievous boy can snatch it from his grasp. With this he pounds vigorously on the benches from time to time, shouting, "Order, gentlemen!" and he does not hesitate to strike with it any particularly obstreperous youngster who shouts more than his fellows. His authority is never disputed, and he summarily squelches any battle that may begin among the boys by ejecting the one he comes to first.

The play, as said, is always melodrama, and is always preceded by an "olio" of variety performances. Nothing else has any show of favor. Some time ago a society drama was presented at the National Theatre, and was greeted by the audience with derisive shouts of "Ah! what are you givin' us?" It was to run a week, but on the second night the house was almost empty. Even spectacular plays, with the most lavish displays of tableaux and pretty actresses, have little success. The audience is as eager for blood as the crowds in the Coliseum. In every play there is a hero, honest, handsome,

THE PLAY.—"HERE WE ARE ON THE PRAIRIE, A THOUSAND MILES FROM A HABITATION; TWENTY REDSKIN INDIANS ARE ON OUR TRACK; SAY THAT THOU WILT BE MINE, AND ALL IS SAVED."

"ORDER, NOW, GENTS!"

THE ORCHESTRA.

and well skilled in the use of knives and fire-arms, who kills from five to forty persons, is enriched by some capricious stroke of fortune, and marries the heroine. She is poor also, but always cultured and refined as well as beautiful. A villain and two comedians are also necessary. The villain is always the dude of the play, and is always killed outright at the end of the performance. One comedian is generally a negro and the other Irish, though sometimes Chinamen or Germans take their place.

The orchestra gives music that varies from the simply bad to the superlatively cacophonous. This is rendered generally by German musicians, who seem to put no curb on their desires for liquid refreshments, and who are not infrequently liable to mistake fly-specks for notes on their music. Such as it is, however, the music is plentifully supplied. It consists mostly of the latest songs and dances, and the audience beats time to the latter, and usually sings the choruses of the former.

The actors, some of them of no mean merit, while they receive salaries that seem small in comparison with those paid to popular favorites elsewhere, get an equivalent to the salaries of former days. They will earn from ten to twenty-five dollars a week if their work is confined to the drama, and more if they take part in the "olio." And it must be admitted that they earn their pay honestly, for the work is hard, and the audience tolerates no slighting.

HIGH ARTISTS.

OLD LADY. "Is there anything you can do round the house, if I give you a good meal?"
TRAMP. "Yes, marm; I kin make yer hair curl wid a lecture on Wagner, an' me fren' here kin give practical illustrations on der piannyforty, ef you've got one."

THE CHICAGO PARKS AND THE FAIR.

CHICAGO has taken time by the forelock to provide herself with a fine and extensive system of parks and boulevards. When it is completed as planned, it will encompass the city on three sides, and supplement Lake Michigan in forming the boundary of the fourth. The legal area of the municipality extends, of course, far beyond these limits, except as to the lake, and the time may come when the real city will lie on both sides of them, just as on a smaller scale the city of Chester in England stands within and without its old walls. That the Chicago mind contemplates this species of growth is evidenced by the fact that with the recent enlargement, some seventy-four square miles of territory have been provided for it. It is interesting to compare this with the incorporated area of New York, which, including besides Manhattan Island, Blackwell's, Ward's, Randall's, Governor's, Bedloe's, and Ellis islands, and the main-land as far as Yonkers and the Bronx River, has but forty-one square miles.

The Chicago parks possess at present more than an ordinary interest because of the pending question of the selection of the site for the World's Fair. On the southern side of the city lie Jackson and Washington parks. A view of a portion of the former, which now stands well to the front among the candidates for the great Exposition, is presented in this issue of the WEEKLY. It contains nearly 600 acres, has a frontage of a mile and a half on Lake Michigan, and has been made very attractive by a liberal and judicious expenditure of money, though much yet remains to be done. Washington Park lies a comparatively short distance to the west of it, and has 372 acres. The two contain fourteen miles of interior drives, and thirty miles of walks. They are approached by the Drexel and Grand boulevards, which are 200 feet wide. The former is modelled after the Avenue l'Imperatrice at Paris, and both are very fine driveways. On the west side of the city, and to be connected with those just mentioned by improved roadways, are Douglas, Garfield, and Humboldt parks. The combined area of these is about 600 acres. On the north side is Lincoln Park of 230 acres, with its shore driveway and zoological garden. There are, besides, many small parks in the city, the most important of which is that on which the old Exposition building now stands, on the lake front, and which is the most prominent competitor of Jackson Park for the Fair. To offset its inferior size, is the fact that it lies just off the business centre, hotels, etc., and is accessible to the greatest number of people.

Chicago must quickly decide the difficult question of the site. The responsibility for the conduct of the enterprise now rests squarely on her shoulders. The Fair bill received the Executive signature and became a law on April 28th. On the same date the temporary organization, under whose auspices the present situation of the project was arrived at, surrendered matters into the hands of the permanent body of forty-five directors, selected mainly from Chicago's best-known citizens. The law provides that before the first day of June the President shall appoint a commission, composed of members from the several States and at large, whose duty it shall be to meet before the first day of July in Chicago for the purpose of passing judgment upon the proceedings of the directors, and deciding whether or not the conditions of the bill have been complied with. Upon their verdict will depend the action of the government authorities in performing their share of the contract. The commissioners are to examine into the character of the subscriptions to the guarantee fund, and to see that the sum of $5,000,000 at least is safely provided for. They are also to inspect the site selected, and pronounce upon its suitability, and to review the plans generally that have been determined upon by the directors. If a satisfactory condition of things is reported, the government will send invitations to foreign nations to participate, and set about preparing for its own exhibit. For the latter purpose Congress has appropriated $1,500,000, of which $400,000 is to be used for the erection of buildings.

The Fair is to be formally dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, in Chicago on October 12, 1892—the anniversary of the landing of Columbus on the island of the Bahamas to which he gave the name San Salvador—but is not to be opened until May 1, 1893. It is to be closed on the 30th of the following October. So far as the national government is concerned, Chicago is to have the quadri-centennial celebration all to herself, with one exception, viz., the grand naval review which is to take place in New York Harbor in April. All the nations of the world will be invited to send ships to take part in the latter. The rendezvous will be at Hampton Roads, whence the fleets will proceed Northward. It is expected that the acceptance will be general, and that the display will be the largest and most impressive of its kind that ever took place.

To Chicago the government will send exhibits representative of the various departments, special attention being paid to Agriculture, the Geological Survey, and the Patent-Office. The work of the Fish Commission will be given a prominent place, and whatever is feasible and desirable to take from the Smithsonian Institute will be forwarded. Each State and Territory will have its exhibit, and it is predicted by some sanguine Chicago people that the spirit of emulation will produce remarkable results. The tone of the local press is hopeful, not to say exuberant, but there is an undercurrent of seriousness manifested in the more prominent journals which reveals a consciousness of the weighty character of the undertaking. Rooms on the second floor of the Adams Express Building, on Dearborn Street, have been taken for the head-quarters of the Fair management, and it has been decided to make the capital stock $10,000,000.

A REMARKABLE LIKENESS.

WITTICUS. "What do you think of eighteenth-century humor, Cynicus?"
CYNICUS. "Well, it very strangely resembles yours."

IF YOUR LIVER REMINDS YOU

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

A QUAINT CORNER OF ENGLAND.

BY JULIAN RALPH.—ILLUSTRATED BY GRAHAM AND WILDER.

MANY Americans are proof against the fascinations of London, but, happily, I know few who have seen the English country-sides without surrendering at once to their marvellous beauty. Until we have been to England we do not know what the country is—the country of English song and story. Until then we cannot appreciate the literature of our language. Fortunately for the modest expedition that set forth for the WEEKLY last summer, we did not arrange a programme for the usual bareheaded, hush-breathed round among cathedrals and tombs. We made no programme. We went, above all else, to see the things that guide-books had not hackneyed nor tourists staled. If we had a plan at all it was to see the people—that astonishing people who are our grandfathers and the monitors of the rest of humanity. But when the trip was finished, and writer and artist were aboard ship homeward bound, we realized that nearly all the other Americans had been tomb-haunting and relic-gazing. To have missed one of the cathedrals was in their eyes to have wasted the cost of the whole journey. But we would not, then or now or ever, exchange a sight of one mile of Kent, or one half-hour in Devonshire, for a chance to sit upon a magic carpet and have all the cathedrals swing by us in a hushed and damp and gloomy circle. Cathedrals and tombs do well enough in London, but where there is a choice between an English lane and a tumble-down old castle, or between a bit of English sward and a tedious tour through an abandoned palace, we know which to take, for castles and tombs look best in pictures, while neither painter nor poet, ravished though he be, can describe the beauty that English rustic scenes contain.

HOOP INN, ON THE ROAD TO CLOVELLY.

No one can call this series of letters Anglomaniacal, therefore they will have full weight if we say in them that American grass is a fell disappointment to one who has seen English grass, and American trees seem thin and half-fed things after an English woodland view.

In this spirit will all this letter be written. Therefore let the Anglophobic reader take warning and skip what follows, for the eternal truth will out, like or leave it, as you please.

English rivers are small. They are all babies compared to our monster streams; all petty and modest, without palisades, or mountainous banks, or cañons, or vast swellings into lake-like breadths—without any grandeur whatsoever. That is true of all England: Nature plans her work on a very small scale over there; at retail, one may say. But there is a picturesqueness about the rivers that we wot not of in America. The green at the sides is so very, very green; it is laid on so thick and seems so solid. The foliage of the trees is so opulent, so dark, and luxuriantly abundant. The trees are like great bouquets or balls. They mass against the sky like cloud forms—full-bodied, round, and dense. And then you see these things beneath such gentle skies, in such a soft atmosphere. And you get your views through the graceful arches of stone bridges, and with quaint Norman towers peeping out here, and red-tiled roofs aglow there, while from yonder a soft, sweet chime of bells sounds daintily. Ah, me! what torture it is to have to sit on either side of the ocean and write about the other! But do you want to know why no one has fully and adequately pictured the beauty of English country scenes? (Nobody has.) It is because the English can't appreciate it to the utmost, being born to it; and because no American dares to give free rein to his feelings upon any subject. I dare not, lest the public should send me nerve tonics, hop pillows—and *Punch's* advice to the unwary.

My first country view in England was when I took a Sunday ride up the Thames toward Hampton Palace, on what they considered a wonderfully fine boat—the *Cardinal Wolsey*. A wretched thing it would seem in America. The Thames at London is something like a sluggish, muddy East River, with massive stone or iron bridges spanning it in close succession. A little way past the thick of London the city became broken into little village-like clusters of houses, with private parks and meadows beyond each thickening of the population. Then the graceful trees and the vivid green meadows began to be seen. Naked men were bathing in the river edges, and at other places men who were fishing stood in the water with their trousers rolled up to their thighs. The tide was low, and the queer black scows and barges lay high and dry on the shingle beach, with here and there a few keel boats careening toward one another on their sides, their masts touching, one's against another's, in neighborly attitudes. Pretty steam-launches with copper funnels shot along the stream, and there were many electric yachts, with spacious cabins enclosed in plate-glass, the only pleasure-boats I saw abroad that we would not be ashamed of in this country. Now and then we saw a freight boat, and these often had saffron-colored sails; and swans loitered near the paths of all the vessels, hoping to be fed.

Occasionally we came to what we in America would call picnic places—the grounds of water-side hotels, whose lawns bore blue and white tables, and private dinner boxes enclosed in green lattice-work. Fancy that, amid the dark greenery of opulent ash, willow, and horse-chestnut trees, upon the rich green of an English sward, under an English sky, and with red tiles seen in glimpses through the foliage!

At Kew we took a 'bus to Hampton, and rode for an hour through wondrous lanes, enclosed between green hedges or high stone walls. The road was like all the roads in England, which is to say like the roads in Central Park. You can never get away from good roads in England, go where you please. We passed scores of grand houses, and some that were historic, but I will not speak of any English homes here farther than to call to mind that passing by these brought us in the presence of the most luxurious gardens and the most splendid parks, beyond which we caught glimpses up the river, and among which the typical English boys in sailor suits were playing in charge of their nurses. And so we came to Busby Park, which no lover of nature should miss. Its broad main avenue, shaded by four rows of horse-chestnut trees and bordered by the richest grass imaginable, remains upon the mind as a high attainment of man's power over nature, until one sees Fontainebleau and Versailles.

In a restaurant close by, our party saw the perfection of English womanhood—the realized ideal toward which the fashion of bleaching the hair was aimed some years ago. Whether she was a duchess, a tradesman's daughter, or what her class or station was, matters not. We did not know. She had that yellow hair in the tone of which there is a living lustre. She had a complexion the color of a pale rose. Her eyes were the eyes of a personified fawn, instinct with intelligence and aflame with health. And they were dark as a fawn's and spanned by dark eyebrows. Upon her tresses was a great summer hat of white lace, and for a gown she wore a plain dress of mouse-colored summer silk, with gloves and boots to match. I cannot describe her dress at greater length, because I could not look away from her face. It was of a type seen but poorly in America, which is none the less the home of the most beautiful women on whom the sun shines—women of the blended and heightened beauty of nearly all the world's types. You learn that about America by going abroad.

We endured the martyrdom of a parade through Hampton Palace, where the beds of dead kings and queens form interesting breaks in the tedious progress. We revelled in the royal park, where the loveliest willows trail their arms in the brook, and where the grass feels to the foot, as it looks to the eye, like a great green rug. And so we reached the Thames again, to find it fairly swarming with small boats. No wonder London is dull of a Sunday, since so many persons leave it. But who shall say after a journey up the Thames that its people are Puritanical? Why, we never saw such an approach to unanimity in Sabbath-breaking in this country.

Steam-yachts, electric yachts, working boats, row-boats, punts, steam-boats black with passengers, racing shells—the river was crusted with them. In many boats the ladies were at the oars, nearly all in flannel skirts and silk waists, and with the everlasting British stiff straw hat, almost with no rim at all, tilted down close to their noses in front, or perched on their rolls of back hair behind. The men were often in "sweaters" and knee-breeches, or flannel shirts and flannel trousers. As we noticed at Henley, the row-boats were made glorious with flowers heaped in the bows, and with colored rugs over the stern-boards and showing over the gunwales. Here and there were house-boats, like beautified barges at home, with lace curtains at the windows, and garlands of blossoms and rows of potted flowers on the edges of the roofs. The beautiful lawns of club-houses, reaching to the Thames's edge, were dotted with garish young men in striped shirts, and with gorgeous young women red as a New Jersey barn, as to their cheeks, their silken waists, and their parasols. Some of these clubs had hired bands to play in little cage-like pavilions on the grass.

And lo! as we looked at one of these club lawns—as beautiful in every detail as a Watteau picture—there arose a hubbub along the river-banks. The four-in-hands stopped, and the passengers stood up and shouted; the bicyclers got off their wheels; the loungers on the greenswards threw off their languor; all eyes were turned down the river. There all saw a small steam propeller boat literally swathed in purple hangings. As it passed my boat I saw in the front cabin the rotund form and wholesome half-German face of the Prince of Wales, as he sat in the glass-walled cabin on a red-cushioned seat, with half a dozen aristocratic-looking women around him. He lifted his hat as our boat shot past him, and then we saw his flunkies in the back of his boat opening champagne baskets. And there were champagne baskets on the lawn to which he was speeding! It seemed, then, that royalty's Sunday and the people's Sunday were spent in the self-same way.

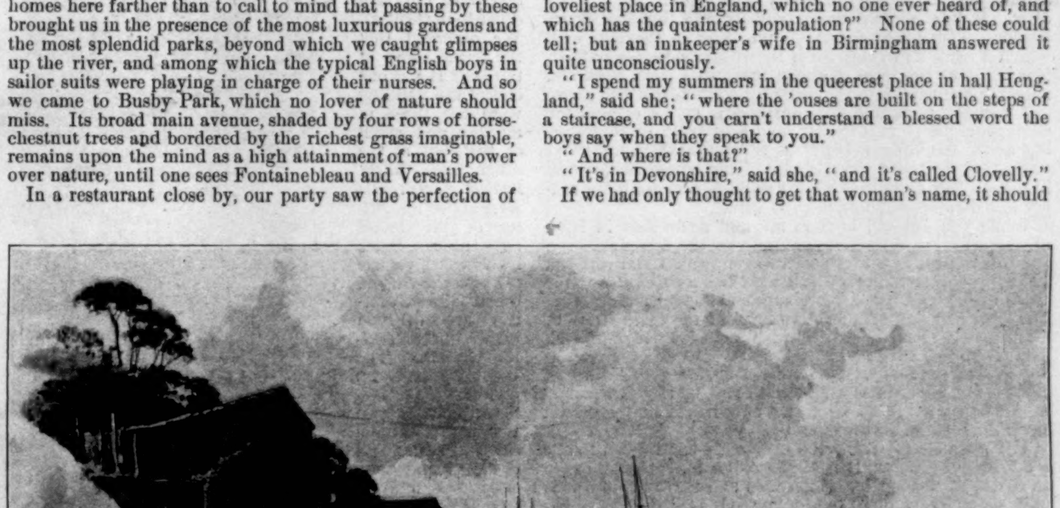
This was an accidental view of only semi-rural scenery. The WEEKLY had especially enjoined upon its travellers the need for finding some part of rural England that should be at once the most beautiful, the most quaint in population, and the least known to the world at large. That was a commission calculated to stir even the blasé spirit of an old war correspondent. Once in England, and there loosened like a bird set free, that command brought disquiet to a hundred brilliant men like Mr. Edmund Gosse, Joseph Hatton, Henry Irving, James R. Osgood, and all the rest whom the tourists met and button-holed for answer to the riddle, "What is the loveliest place in England, which no one ever heard of, and which has the quaintest population?" None of these could tell; but an innkeeper's wife in Birmingham answered it quite unconsciously.

"I spend my summers in the queerest place in hall Hengland," said she; "where the 'ouses are built on the steps of a staircase, and you carn't understand a blessed word the boys say when they speak to you."

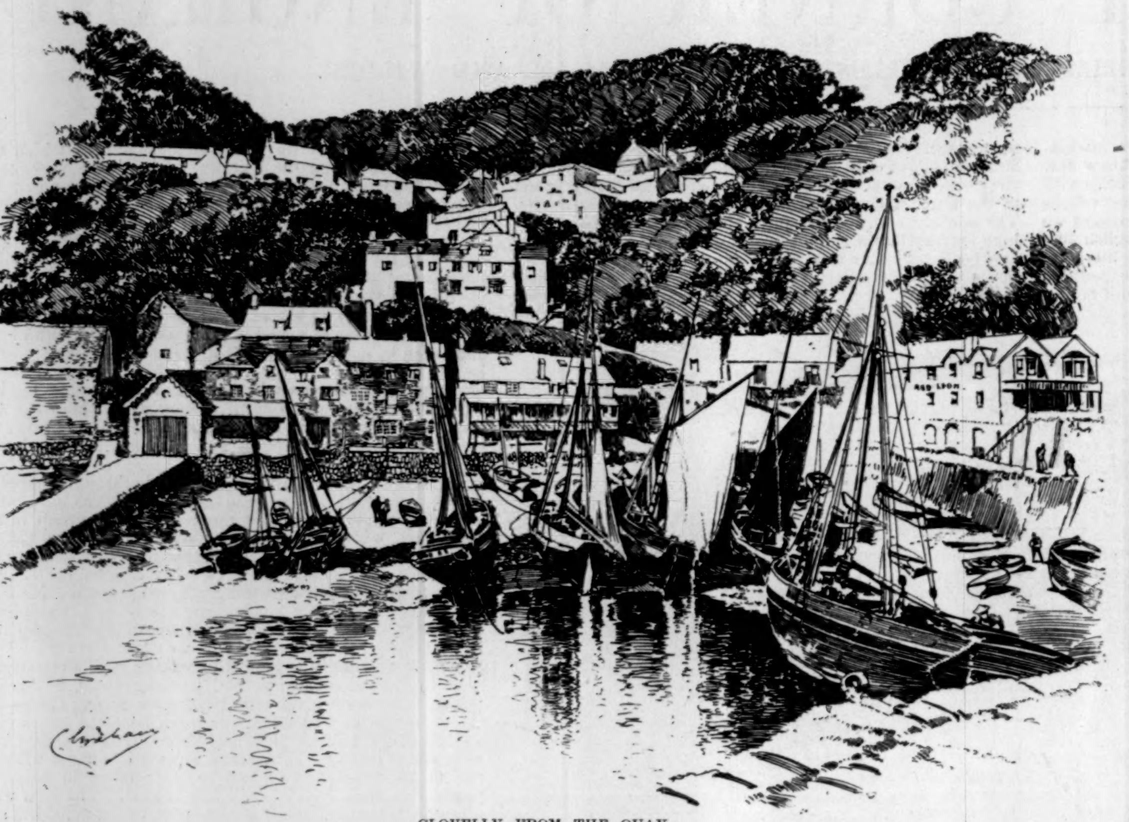
"And where is that?"

"It's in Devonshire," said she, "and it's called Clovelly."

If we had only thought to get that woman's name, it should



THE QUAY.



CLOVELLY FROM THE QUAY.

shine in an eternal galaxy with the names of the other heroines of history.

I.—CLOVELLY.

You are fortunate if you first see Clovelly from the Hobby Drive—a roadway through a private park in the neighborhood. The park is opened to the public for a small admission fee, and your driver is quite right in urging you, as all drivers will, to turn out of the road and go through it, for it is a wonderful specimen of half-trained, half-wild, and wholly luxuriant natural scenery. The road, or Hobby Drive (so called because the making of it was a rich man's mania), is a level, well-kept way at the top of one of the bluffs with which Devonshire confronts the ocean. The park on either side of the road is almost overladen with vegetation. Splendid trees, enormous ferns in unwonted clumps, bushes of grand growth, wild flowers, and pretty vines press upon the neatly ordered road, and embower it so that it gets little else than a half-light sifted through the leaves. It is like a grand temple. It is fit to be copied as a setting for one of Shakespeare's woodland plays. Now and then you get a glimpse of the sky and the sea meeting far below you—an Italian sky when we were there, and the sea a sheet of turquoise dotted with tiny fishing smacks. Suddenly Clovelly appears, forming a picture never to be forgotten; not likely ever to be ranked by any view to be had in this world.

The view comes with surprising suddenness. There is a break in the foliage, and this discloses a promontory just before you, on whose precipitous edge the white houses of the extraordinary village peep through the greenery. They might be likened to goats perched here and there upon the broken, rocky face of a cliff, or to the whitened waters of a series of cascades leaping from ledge after ledge. If you can conceive it to be a village, formed of houses in such fantastic order, then it must seem like a settlement that is sliding into the sea. But no, not sliding; reaching is the better word; for, as your eye follows the descent, you see—just at the point where the last house and the sea come together—a little jetty of massive masonry that is bent like a crab's claw. It juts into the ocean, and forms a tiny but secure harbor. That hook of stone is the hand of Clovelly, with which it earns its living; for if the village were personified, it would take the form of a man lying on a steep bank and reaching one hand into the water for what he can find there.

A moment more and your carriage is at the edge of the next promontory to Clovelly, and you seem to be hovering above the little village. It is embedded in luxuriant vegetation, as it were a collection of toy houses half buried in moss. The seemingly white dwellings shine in the greenery like dominoes upon a heap of velvet.

While you are still high in air, and again shut in from all views except of the trees around you, the driver says you are now as near to Clovelly as a wagon can go, and will you please pay him and get out and walk half a mile or so to the town. The walk quickly becomes an almost headlong run, and presently you stand at the head of the main street of Clovelly—by long odds the quaintest place in England. Never can you have had such a scene spread before you as this village presents. On either side are the uppermost houses, but all the rest are beneath you, so that the second stories of some are on a line with your eyes, and you look upon the roofs of all the others.

The main street—really the only one—leaps down to the sea by rapid jumps. It is wide enough for two wagons (so to speak) at the top, but it narrows and narrows until it is only seven feet wide at the bottom. It is all laid with big pebbles brought up from the beach, and these and the earth itself are held in place by timbers laid like railroad sleepers across the thoroughfare. What holds the houses in their places is not apparent. Toward the bottom the road seems to run at the houses and dodge around them, like a marble on a bagatelle board, until it has made five curves, and obtained the shape of a z on top of a letter s. If you can imagine a street formed by putting houses on either side of a winding stairway 1000 feet long, you can imagine Clovelly, not otherwise.

On Brooklyn Heights people have gardens on the tops of the houses below them; but in Clovelly, Tennyson, in order to make himself understood, would have had to write, "Climb into the garden, Maud," since the village is built in a gully, and the gardens, which are the gully's sides, either hang over the houses or rise high up behind them. Such a town must have suggested the tale of *Asmodeus*, in which the devil goes about looking through the roofs of all the houses. There is no uptown or down-town to Clovelly; it is all up-stairs or down-stairs. It is a human realization of the way that chickens sleep—on perches one above the other.

We put up at the New Inn, and sought the seclusion of a bedroom, in order to rest our faculties after the blow of the first sight of the place had fallen upon them. But there was no escaping the situation. When we threw open a window of the room and looked out and up, as one might look at the sky anywhere else, we saw the women of the opposite house drying linen in their back yard. To the waitress who brought in the towels we suggested that it was queer to see the houses on top of one another. Deep down from the bottom of a truly British sense of humor she replied: "They are not exactly on top of one another. They only look so."

But the porter who brought up the trunks said a funny thing: "The folks do only dare get tight like at one inn—the one at t' bottom o' the hill. Them as lives three doors away must keep always sober."

Once established and reposing in a rocker on the hotel porch, we were amused to see the other visitors of the day come scurrying and rattling down the tilted, cobbly street. They had to drop into Clovelly much as Santa Claus makes his annual calls—from overhead. Visitors there reminded us of raindrops that had fallen on a roof and were hurrying down to the leaders. We observed that the front steps of the New Inn at one end of the building were but three in number and small at that, but at the other end, thirty feet away, our heads were above the gutter of the house next door. Since no wheeled vehicle can visit the village, the trunks of tourists are dragged upon queer sledlike frames. The butcher travels up and down the ladder of cobbles with two baskets and a saw and scales, and every man who carries a burden "tacks" from one side of the way to the other, like a sailing vessel beating against the wind.

The street itself does the same thing. That accounts for the turns and angles at which it seems to breathe in its mad course down the hill. Little blind streets jut out from the main way here and there like pockets in the side of a mine-shaft. You may touch either side of one of these streets when you stand in the middle of one.

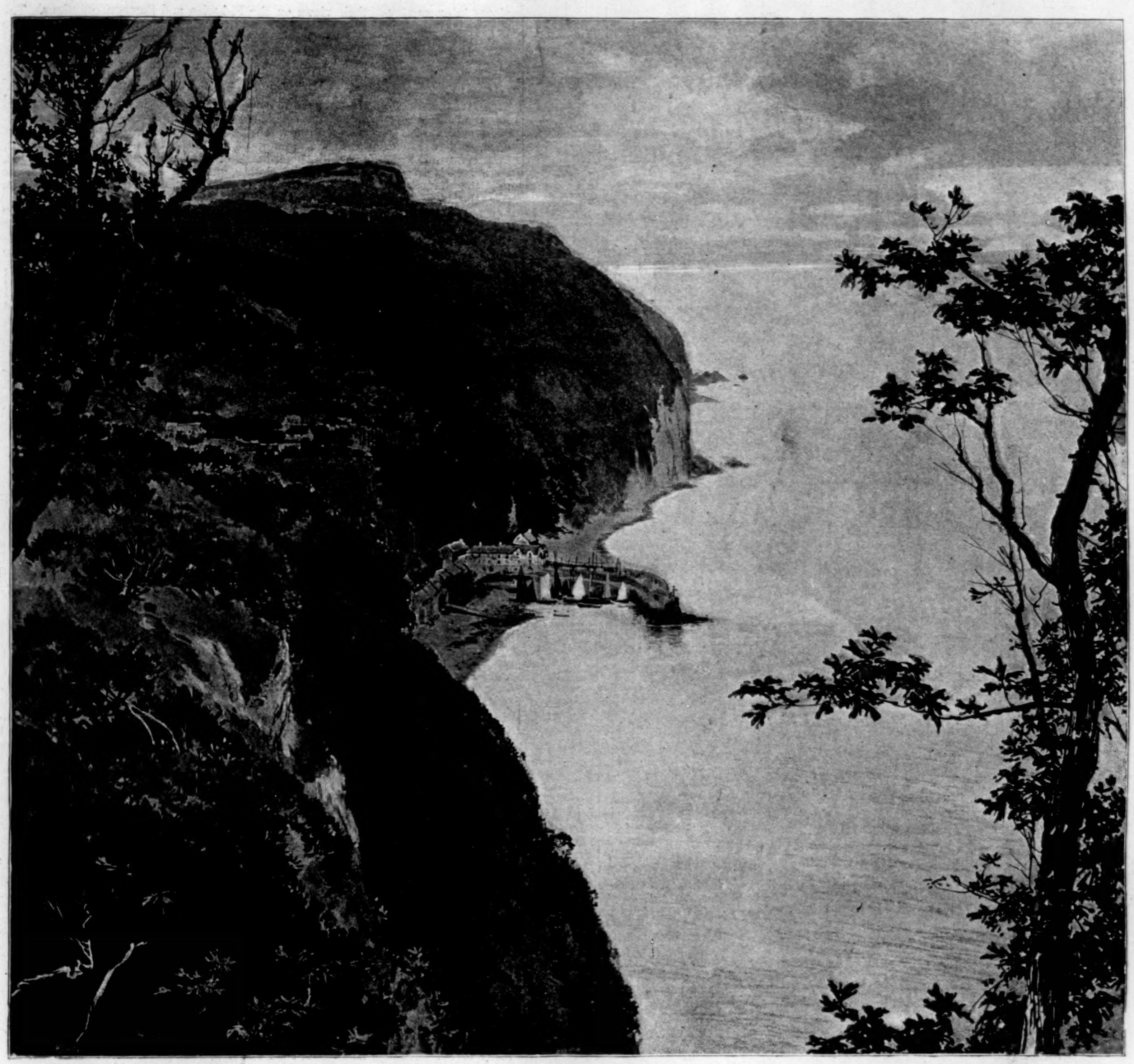
So much for Clovelly's main peculiarity. But it has another almost as great, and that is its beauty. Travellers liken it to Capri, because of its environment of gaudy sea, bright sky, and chromatic land views. Certainly it is beautiful beyond any power of man to describe it. Its houses are of the queerest shapes and types, with their gables and moss-grown tiled roofs, their queer cupboards sunken in the outer walls, their enticing bay-windows, their ramshackle steps, and the wedge-shaped platforms of stone before them, that make it possible for them to be inhabited. Most of the houses are stuccoed with plaster painted a light buff-color, but many of them are as green as the rocky cliffs around them—not with moss or grass, but with ivy, honeysuckle, and fuchsia. These walls of verdure are resplendent with bloom in the summer, and all around the houses are beds and boxes of roses and other flowering plants.

The rise and fall of the tides in England is very much greater than the same movement on either side of our country, and so half the time there is no water in the little crab-claw harbor, where the smacks then lie tumbled about on their sides. Their masters and sailors at such times lounge on the harbor wall, which in the evenings becomes a promenade and lovers' trysting-place. It is as broad on top as a carriage drive, and on the long scaffold poles that rise above and fret its sides the fisher's nets are picturesquely hung to dry. The men are stalwart bearded fellows, in caps and flannel shirts—as fine men as we saw anywhere in England. Their lingo is peculiar, and constantly calls to mind the Irish brogue; their faces also suggest a Celtic origin. They say "rayson," for reason; "dacint," for decent; and "nits," for nets. But then they also say "peshly," for especially; "they two women," for those two women, and use many another queer expression, hints of some of which will occur farther on in this recital.

The view of the village from this quay is exquisite. Behind lies the blue sea, with Lundy Island, the loneliest place in England, hazy and indefinite in the distance. The white sails of tiny fishing smacks dot the azure expanse like the wings of white moths lighted on a field of lavender in bloom. Down the coast, in the only direction in which the coast can be seen, Westward Ho is faintly discernible—a tedious place, visited by those who know no better. But high in front of you rises the cruel Devon coast, hiding its rocks under lovely foliage, like an iron hand in a delicate glove. There are three great promontories close together. Two seem mere masses of leafage, great forms of dark green joining the light blue sky and the dark blue sea; but the third is that up which the houses of Clovelly are climbing and peeping from among the trees. At your feet is the tiny harbor, dry and pebbly, and now lively with the movements of a number of donkeys, the elevators of the place, that lift the cargoes of coal, groceries, dry-goods, and fish from the boats to the houses up the hill.

You would imagine that a collection of forty or fifty houses, holding on like grim death to the side of a hill, would form a quiet place. It is, except for one thing—the clatter of hobnailed shoes on the cobbles out-of-doors. This

STREET IN CLOVELLY.



CLOVELLY, FROM HOBBY DRIVE.

tattoo is kept up all day and late into the night, and you would not believe how loud it is. Some itching poet has written a clever bit of rhyme about it in the visitors' book of the New Inn:

"The Vision bright
Of that dark night
At Bethel, long ago,
Had steps of light,
With angels white,
Whose feet tripped to and fro;
And now, in Devon,
One catches heaven
In glimpses passing fair,
And hears the feet
In Clovelly's street—
Not angels and *not bare!*"

What the British are as a nation they are as individuals. They must have a hand in everything, and always for a high moral purpose—if you believe them. The consequence is that when an old-fashioned Englishman or English woman goes to an old-fashioned inn like the New Inn, at an old-fashioned place like Clovelly, he and she must send for the register, and write not only their names, but their experiences and comments. Such well-meaning prigs as Lord and Lady Markswell wrote, "Inn good, and charges moderate"; and Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Gamble dropped this patronizing line: "Charming place; very sorry to leave." Another public guardian wrote, "This place and inn great contrast to Bude, which avoid." Another man, a Mr. ——— ———, of Longford Park, Gloucester, remarks: "Visited this place, and much enjoyed luncheon at the New Inn." But here a different note was struck:

"The winding stair which natives call Clovelly Street
The treadmill were a name more meet.
Good-bye! 'Tis hard to go away,
But 'twould be harder far to stay."

II.—GREEN LANES ABOUT CLOVELLY.

The English readers of Kingsley's novels have been the pioneers of the grand army of idlers who must sooner or later spend their vacations on this corner of the Devon coast. They knew what not all the American admirers of the novelist have found out—that the very country he describes, the very villages, traditions, and even some of the families from whom he has selected characters, are to be enjoyed where he placed them. It is his fault and not theirs that they have gone to Bideford, where the room in which he wrote *Westward Ho!* is reverentially preserved, and to Westward Ho itself, only straggling into Clovelly and the neighboring country-side in small numbers and by accident. Yet Bideford is a stupid, moribund place, and Westward Ho is a forced and not a popular resort, while one could scarcely miss rare treasures of nature and rural simplicity by going anywhere else in North Devon than to those places.

We were riding in the best fair-weather wagon I ever saw—the best because it almost compelled you to walk. It was of a kind they make in Devonshire, and that you cannot sit in and do anything else at the same time. It was a sensible-looking vehicle, with a high seat in front for the driver, and then a long seat down each side. But the seats were covered with horse-hair, which is as slippery as the average political view of the liquor question, or as banana peel on plate-glass. Sitting on those seats was like carrying live eels. It required an earnest purpose and a firm clutch, united with a genius for sticking. A suit of sand-paper clothes in addition would not have come amiss. We had not gone half a mile when a New York lady in our party—Miss Mabel Griffith—sank, with a sudden but soft and graceful "plunk," upon the sandy bare floor of the wagon. "It had to be, sooner or later," her expressive face seemed to say, "and I'm glad it's done."

"When you feel obliged to join me down here," she said aloud, "please let me know in advance. And," she added, "if you see any pretty scenery, let me know."

The rest of us looked reproachfully at her for this. Her fall from the seat had interrupted an outburst of extravagant expressions of delight from her father and from her impatient lover, Mr. Macy, who were just then declaring that they never dreamed of anything more enchanting than the view that the ascent of a hill was opening up before them. Then to have her speak of pretty scenery as if its existence were only a bare possibility (and in Devonshire, of all places) was too shocking.

"Oh, Mabel, Mabel!" said the one. "Oh, Miss Griffith!" said the other.

"Well," said the incorrigible maiden, "I do believe you're seeing something now, and are not telling me. I know what I'll do, in order not to be robbed of scenery which is mine by right as much as yours—I'll get out and walk."

So the wagon stopped, and Mr. Macy got out to lift her down the steps, but the lissome girl merely touched his hand with the tips of her gloved fingers, and tripping lightly down, sprang from the bottom step to touch the ground as airily as a falling feather. The embodiment of beauty, grace, and health, whatever she did pleased both her father and me, but I saw a cloud pass over Mr. Macy's face. He had wanted to be of real service to her, to have really lifted her down—solidly, so to speak—and she had not allowed him to. It was a little thing, but little things make even the solid mountains, as the poets have observed. He was that sort of lover that you might call a monopolist. He seemed to want all of his sweetheart's soul and thoughts and time and attentions. Anything less was unendurable and worse than nothing at all. When that is the characteristic of a man, not only in his love but in his every respiration, I have no word to say for him, but in Macy's case I laid it to the uncertainty of his mind with regard to his sweetheart's purposes and feelings, and, more than that even, to his youth. He had crossed the ocean with her, fancying they were to be married in Europe, and now they were finishing their trip with their relationship unchanged. Again and again we met them, as at Clovelly, for a day or two, and their affairs became as interesting as any other curiosities we ran across in Europe. In his whisperings to me he always spoke of his journey as "an elopement." "We are taking the father along for propriety's sake," said he. But nothing in her speech or conduct betrayed any lively sympathy with such an odd view of the situation. To me it seemed that, for some reason, Miss Griffith was aware that her admirer so regarded the matter, also that she did not herself view it in that light at all, and, furthermore, that she nevertheless failed to correct his impression. Why did she so torture him? Ah, I never venture to explain a lady's "why."

But to return to that wagon ride. What a view it was that we all looked back upon! All traces of Clovelly had sunk behind intervening hillocks and curves of the road, and where we had supposed the village was there now arose a great purple headland, as soft and rounding in all its outlines as any soft and rounding cloud. Above hung the pale blue sky, and below lay the dark blue sea.

"That's heather," said the driver.

"Heather!" exclaimed Mr. Griffith. "I'd no idea it was so beautiful."

"I thought it was a brownish, dead-colored grass, or weed," said I.

"It's all flowers," replied the driver.

So, then, what we saw was a great block of bloom hanging between the sea and the sky. And in the sky were fleecy white clouds, and the sea was again dotted with the sails of fishers' smacks. We halted the wagon again that we might feast our eyes upon the view. Leading to the central mass of purple were the dark green walls of the roadway between pale green fields, and just midway of the great soft pile of purple was a tiny cross-roads village, some of the